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THE OUTER LIGHT.

SINGLY the pale, low fires ashore
Surrender to the hosts of Night,
And blended gale and breakers' roar
Challenge the "outer light."

No more of Home and Hope! no more
Of rest by rivers of delight;
The spark my patient angel bore
Dies with the outer light.

Forever seaward-drifting! flung
Like a sick fowl upon the waves—
A wretch dismayed and lost among
Ocean's tumultuous graves.

Limned by the lightning, I desecry
A spectral chamber in the clouds,
Where *eight* (beloved and living) lie
Clad in prophetic shrouds.

Hoarse with the terror of its tale—
Chiding the clamor of the blast—
Cometh a dirge-delivered wail,
Big with my name—the last!

Consigned to hurricanes and Night,
Adrift upon thy sea of sin,
Heed not, poor fool, thy "outer light,"
Look to the light within.

Baltimore.

J. W. P.

From an old volume of Predictions.

In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent will assail;
But if the Cock and Bull unite,
The Bear shall not prevail.

In twice ten years again
Let Islam know and fear,
The Cross shall stand, the Crescent wane,
Dissolve and disappear.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber
Is there some hidden grief thou mayst not
tell?

Let not thy heart forsake thee; but remember
His pitying eye, who sees and knows it well.
God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And wouldst do good, but evil oft prevails?
O think, amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hopes, when earthly refuge
fails —
God knows it all!

And dost thou sin? thy deed of shame concealing
In some dark spot no human eye can see;
Then walk in pride without one sigh revealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee?
God knows it all!

Art thou oppressed and poor, and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds ar-
rayed,
And well-nigh crushed; no earthly strength im-
parted,
No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid?"
God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner? are thy tear-drops flowing
For one too early lost to earth and thee?
The depths of grief no human spirit knowing,
Which moan in secret, like the moaning sea?
God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot?
There's One who sees the end from the begin-
ning;
Thy tear of penitence is unforgotten.
God knows it all!

Then go to God. Pour out your hearts before
Him;
There is no grief your Father cannot feel;
And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him—
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal.
God knows it all — God knows it all!

From Household Words.

ECHOES.

STILL the angel stars are shining,
Still the rippling waters flow,
But the angel-voice is silent
That I heard here long ago.
Hark! the echoes murmur low,
Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,
Still the plashing fountains play,
But the past and all its beauty,
Whither has it fled away?
Hark! the mournful echoes say,
Fled away!

Still the bird of night complaineth
(Now, indeed, her song is pain),
Visions of my happy hours,

Do I call and call in vain?
Hark! the echoes cry again,
All in vain!

Cease, O echoes, mournful echoes!
Once I loved your voices well;
Now my heart is sick and weary,
Days of old, a long farewell!
Hark! the echoes sad and dreamy
Cry farewell, farewell!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE SONG OF A CAPTIVE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ZORNILLA.*

("Triste canta el prisionero," &c.)

In grated cell the captive sings,
Alone and sad, his pensive strain;
While like discordant music rings
In harsh response his clashing chain.
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,
Give freedom to the captive's voice!

"My cheated hopes are fading fast —
I feel my days, my hours depart;
My spirit's strength succumbs at last,
And ice is gathering round my heart.
Ah! from my cruel solitude
My sighs can reach no friendly ear;
'Tis but the wind, a list'ner rude,
The story of my grief can hear.
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,
Give freedom to the captive's voice!

My loved one! could my song but fly
To thee, upon the breezes borne,
I should not thus be left to die,
Like one deserted and forlorn.
But thou art far, O far away;
Happy — unconscious of my pain;
And I am singing mournful lay
To the wild music of my chain.
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,
Give freedom to the captive's voice!

How often in the mirror clear,
Held up to Love by Fancy's hand,
I fondly see — delusion dear! —
Thy graceful form before me stand.
I speak to thee — no voice replies;
I strive to clasp thee — like a beam
Of light obscured, the vision flies —
Ah! then I feel 't was but a dream.
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,
Gives freedom to the captive's voice!

My own dear love! the life and light
Of this sad heart and tearful eyes —
Gay be thy smiles, thy hopes be bright,
And glad some be thy melodies.
While I, immured in gloomy cell,
Weep for the charms I may not see;
My only solace is to tell
These walls how dear thou art to me.
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,
Give freedom to the captive's voice!"

* A Castilian poet, now living.

From Chambers' Repository.

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

DAVID HUME, in his narrative of the trial of Charles I., observes: "The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of human kind;" and he describes the spectacle presented as that of "the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust." The actual manner of the proceedings, however, is but indifferently reflected in Hume's History; and, indeed, the same remark applies to all the popular histories in the language. They necessarily represent the transaction in a summary and condensed form, stating only the general terms of the impeachment, the bearing and defence of the accused, and the sentence finally pronounced by the high court of justice. To obtain anything like a clear and distinct notion of the court itself, and of the manner in which its memorable business was conducted, it is needful to consult the representations of contemporary writers. Various historical memorials might be referred to, as containing a more or less authentic account of the solemnity; but there is one in particular, entitled *England's Black Tribunal*, which professes to give a formal and express report of it, with all its attendant circumstances. The substance of this report it is intended to reproduce in the present paper, abstracting and compressing only such portions as are unimportant, and so rendering the form and spirit of the whole as to present a complete description and relation of this striking and renowned proceeding.

We shall assume that the reader is acquainted with the general history of the Civil Wars, and start with the fact, sufficiently well-known, that Charles, being conquered by his Parliament, was eventually brought to trial before an appointed national tribunal, called the High Court of Justice. The court consisted of upwards of 130 persons, specially nominated by the House of Commons; though, according to some statements, there were not more than seventy that actually sat upon the trial. Among these were the chief officers of the army, including Cromwell, Harrison, and Ireton, some of the leading men of the House of Commons, and a number of London citizens. The president selected was John Bradshaw, a barrister, whom Milton describes as a man of such native dignity of character, that he appeared "like a consul, from whom the fasces are not to depart with the year; so that not on the tribunal only, but throughout his life, you would regard him as sitting in judgment upon kings." The other officers of the court were Mr. Isaac Dorislaus and Mr. Aske, the counsellors who drew up the charge and

assisted in sustaining it; Mr. Cook, or Coke, the solicitor-general for the Commonwealth; Mr. Broughton and Mr. Phelps, clerks of the court; Mr. Dandy, sergeant-at-arms, as mace-bearer; Colonel Humphreys, sword-bearer; and a suitable number of tip-staffs and messengers.

The proceedings opened on Saturday the 24th day of January, 1648-9, in the great hall at Westminster. The Lord President Bradshaw, with about seventy members of the court, preceded by Colonel Fox and sixteen other gentlemen with "partisans," Colonel Humphreys, bearing the sword of state, Sergeant Dandy with the mace, and a variety of other officers, went in order to the place prepared for the sitting, at the west end of the hall; where the president took his seat in a crimson velvet chair prepared for him, having a desk with a crimson velvet cushion fixed before him; the rest of the members taking their places on each side of the chair, on benches prepared and hung with scarlet for the purpose; and the partisans dividing themselves on the two sides of the court before them.

The court being seated, and silence ordered, the great gate of the hall was opened, to admit all persons without exception who might be desirous to see and hear; and in a short time the whole space allotted for the purpose was filled up to the entrance. Silence being again ordered, Colonel Tomlinson, who had charge of the king as prisoner, was commanded to bring him into court; and, accordingly, within a quarter of an hour, his majesty was brought in, under the escort of about twenty officers, with partisans marching before him, and Colonel Hacker and other gentlemen following in the rear.

Being thus brought within the court, the sergeant-at-arms advanced with his mace, and conducted his majesty to the bar, where a crimson velvet chair was set for him. "After a stern looking upon the court, and the people in the galleries on each side of him," the royal prisoner took his seat, "not at all moving his hat, or otherwise showing the least respect to the court;" but presently rising up again, he turned about, looking downwards upon the guards placed on the left side, and on the multitude of spectators on the right side of the hall. The crier of the court meanwhile once more commanded silence, and this being immediately obtained, the act of Parliament "for the trying of Charles Stuart, King of England," was ordered to be read. This done, the several names of the commissioners were called over, every one who was present rising up and answering to the call. The *Black Tribunal* contains no record of the circumstance, but it is elsewhere related, that when the name of Fairfax was called over; a voice among the spectators exclaimed: "He

has more wit than to be here;" and it was afterwards discovered that the bold expression proceeded from no less a personage than Lady Fairfax, who, though she had long seconded her husband's zeal against the royal cause, was now filled with indignation and abhorrence at the unexpected consequences of the contest in which she had been so earnestly engaged.

All preliminaries having been gone through in proper form and order, the lord president, in the name of the court, addressed himself to the prisoner, acquainting him to the effect, that the Commons of England, assembled in Parliament, being duly sensible of the calamities that had been brought upon the nation, and regarding him, the said Charles Stuart, as the principal author of them all, had "resolved to make inquisition for blood;" and according to that debt and duty which they owed "to justice, to God, the kingdom, and themselves," and according, likewise, to the fundamental power that rested in them as the representatives of the nation, they had resolved to bring him, Charles Stuart, to trial and judgment; and for that express purpose they had constituted the present High Court of Justice, before which he had been brought, to hear the charge which was then and there to be preferred against him, and upon which the court would proceed to act according to the principles of justice.

Thereupon the solicitor-general for the commonwealth — "standing within a bar on the right hand of the king" — prepared himself to speak, but was interrupted by his majesty, who, having a staff in his hand, held it up, and laid it two or three times on Mr. Cook's shoulder, bidding him to hold. "Nevertheless, the lord president ordering him to go on, Mr. Cook did, by order of the court to him directed, in the name and on the behalf of the people of England, exhibit a charge of high treason and other crimes, and did therewith accuse the said Charles Stuart, King of England, praying it might be read; which the king interrupting, the court notwithstanding commanded the clerk to read it, acquainting the prisoner that if he had anything to say after, the court would hear him."

The accusation read was entitled, "A Charge of High Treason, and other High Crimes, exhibited to the High Court of Justice, by John Cook, Esq., appointed by the said Court, for and on behalf of the People of England, against Charles Stuart, King of England." It stated and set forth; "That he, the said Charles Stuart, being admitted King of England, and therein trusted with a limited power to govern by and according to the laws of the land, and not otherwise; and by his trust, oath, and office, being obliged [that is, under obligation] to use the power committed to him for the good and benefit of

the people, and for the preservation of their rights and liberties; yet, nevertheless, out of a wicked design to erect and uphold in himself an unlimited and tyrannical power, to rule according to his will, and to overthrow the rights and liberties of the people; yea, to take away and make void the foundations thereof, and of all redress and remedy of misgovernment, which, by the fundamental constitutions of this kingdom, were reserved on the people's behalf, in the right and power of frequent and successive parliaments, or national meetings in council; he, the said Charles Stuart, for accomplishment of such his designs, and for the protecting of himself and his adherents, in his and their wicked practices, to the same end, hath traitorously and maliciously levied war against the Parliament and the people therein represented."

Then follows a long enumeration of the specific acts of war and injury for which the said Charles Stuart was held accountable, and whereby he had "caused and procured many thousands of the free people of the nation to be slain;" and that from time to time, both within the land and by invasion from foreign parts, he had renewed and maintained the war against the Parliament and people, notwithstanding solemn treaties and engagements to terminate hostilities; and that, as a consequence, "many families had been undone, the public treasury wasted and exhausted, trade obstructed and miserably decayed, vast expense and damage to the land incurred, and many parts of the land spoiled, some of them even to desolation. . . . All which wicked designs, wars, and evil practices of him the said Charles Stuart, have been, and are carried on, for the advancing and upholding of a personal interest of will and power, and pretended prerogative to himself and his family, against the public interest, common right, liberty, justice, and peace of the people of this nation, by and for whom he was intrusted." The charge concludes by pronouncing the said Charles Stuart to be "the occasioner, author, and contriver of the said unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars," and declaring him to be "therein guilty of all the treasons, murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolations, damage, and mischiefs," in the said wars acted or committed; and it accordingly impeached "the said Charles Stuart as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the commonwealth of England;" and prayed that he might "be put to answer all and every the premises," that such proceedings, examinations, and judgment might be thereupon had and taken, as should be "agreeable to justice."

His majesty, with his wonted patience, says our authority, "heard all these slanders and reproaches, sitting in his chair, and looking sometimes on the pretended court, some-

times up to the galleries, and rising again, turned about to behold the guards and spectators: then he sat down with a majestic and unmoved countenance, and sometimes smiling, especially at the words 'tyrant,' 'traitor,' and the like." At this point, the silver head of his staff happened to fall off, occasioning his majesty some surprise; and as no one was near him to take it up, he stooped to do so for himself.

The charge being read, President Bradshaw addressed the prisoner in these terms: "Sir, you have now heard your charge read containing such matters as appear in it. You find that, in the close of it, it is prayed to the court, in behalf of the Commons of England, that you answer to your charge; the court expects your answer."

To this his majesty replied: "I would know by what power I am called hither. I was, not long ago, in the Isle of Wight; how I came there, is a longer story than I think is fit at this time for me to speak of; but there I entered into a treaty with both Houses of Parliament, with as much public faith as 't is possible to be had of any people in the world. I treated there with a number of honorable lords and gentlemen, and treated honestly and uprightly. I cannot say but they did very nobly with me. We were upon a conclusion of the treaty [about to bring it to a close]. Now, I would know by what authority (I mean lawful; there are many unlawful authorities in the world — thieves and robbers by the highways; but I would know by what authority) I was brought from thence, and carried from place to place, and I know not what; and when I know by what lawful authority, I shall answer. Remember I am your king, your lawful king, and what sins you bring upon your heads, and the judgment of God upon this land. Think well upon it, I say — think well upon it, before you go further from one sin to a greater. Therefore let me know by what authority I am seated here, and I shall not be unwilling to answer. In the mean time, I shall not betray my trust. I have a trust committed to me by God, by old and lawful descent; I will not betray it to answer to a new unlawful authority; therefore resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me."

Bradshaw. If you had been pleased to have observed what was hinted to you by the court at your first coming hither, you would have known by what authority; which authority requires you, in the name of the people of England, of which you are elected king, to answer.

King. No, sir; I deny that [that England was an elective kingdom].

B. If you acknowledge not the authority of the court, they must proceed.

K. I do tell them so. England was never an elective kingdom, but an hereditary king-

dom for near these thousand years; therefore let me know by what authority I am called hither. I do stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges; and therefore let me know by what lawful authority I am seated here, and I will answer it; otherwise I will not answer it.

B. Sir, how you have really managed your trust is known. Your way of answer is to interrogate the court, which becometh not you in this condition. You have been told of it twice or thrice.

K. Here is a gentleman [pointing to Lieutenant-colonel Cobbet]; ask him if he did not bring me from the Isle of Wight by force. I do not come here as submitting to the court. I will stand as much for the privilege of the House of Commons, rightly understood, as any man here whatsoever. I see no House of Lords here that may constitute a Parliament, and the king too, should have been. Is this the bringing the king to his Parliament? Is this bringing an end to the treaty in the public faith of the world? Let me see a legal authority warranted by the word of God, the Scripture, or warranted by the constitution of the kingdom, and I will answer.

The lord president here observed, that inasmuch as the king declined to answer, the court would consider how to proceed, and that, in the mean time, his majesty was to be taken back in charge of those who had guard over him. "The court desires to know," said he, "whether this be all the answer you will give or no?"

K. Sir, I desire you would give me, and all the world, satisfaction in this. Let me tell you, it is not a slight thing you are about. I am sworn to keep the peace, by that duty I owe to God and my country, and I will do it to the last breath of my body; and therefore you shall do well to satisfy, first God, and then the country, by what authority you do it. If you do it by an usurped authority, that will not last long; there is a God in heaven that will call you, and all that give you power, to account. Satisfy me in that, and I will answer; otherwise I betray my trust, and the liberties of the people; and therefore think of that, and then I shall be willing. For I do avow that it is as great a sin to withstand lawful authority, as it is to submit to a tyrannical or any other unlawful authority; and therefore satisfy God and me, and all the world, in that, and you shall receive my answer; I am not afraid of the bill.

Thus, it will be seen his majesty takes his stand upon the letter of legality; not having, apparently, any notion of the abstract and essential rights and laws of government, anterior to use and wont. The lord president explains to him that the court expects a final answer; but that, as he chooses to refuse

one, it is their purpose to adjourn till Monday next; adding, that they are perfectly satisfied in regard to the "authority" which the king denies; that "it is upon God's authority and the kingdom's;" and that as to the "peace" about which his majesty expresses so much concern, they think it will best "be kept in the doing of justice;" "and *that*," said his lordship, "is our present work." So, after a little further altercation between his majesty and the president, the guard was commanded to take the prisoner away; and thus the proceedings of the first day terminated. At his going down, his majesty pointed with his staff to the charge as it lay upon the table, and said he did not fear it; and as he went down the stairs, the people in the hall, or some of them, cried: "God save the king!" "notwithstanding," says our royalist informant, "some were set there by the faction to head the clamor for justice."

The next day being Sunday, Bradshaw, Cromwell, and the rest of the Commissioners, kept a solemn fast at Whitehall, and heard successively three sermons from approved and popular Puritan divines. First came Mr. Sprigge, with his gloomy text: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed:" pretty significantly intimating what the saints intended to do with Charles. Next followed Mr. Foxley, with a milder verse, and one which might serve as much for one party as the other: "Judge not, lest ye be judged." And last came Mr. Hugh Peters, with a text particularly acceptable to a puritanic congregation, and of pointed application to the work in hand: "I will bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in fetters of iron." One hopes the commissioners were edified; but, as Carlyle observes, the reading faculty of the nineteenth century is quite incapable of appreciating the charm of such discourses.

On Monday, the 22d of January, the court sat again at Westminster. Silence being commanded upon pain of imprisonment, and the captain of the guard enjoined to apprehend all such as should make disturbance, the king was brought up to the bar, and the solicitor-general of the Commonwealth rose up to address the court.

"My Lord President," said he, "I did at the last sitting of the court, in the behalf of the Commons of England, exhibit and give in a charge of high treason, and other crimes, against the prisoner at the bar, whereof I do accuse him in the name of the people of England. The charge was read to him, and his answer required; but, instead of answering, he did there dispute the authority of this court. My humble motion to this high court, in behalf of the people of England, is, that the prisoner may be directed to make a positive answer, either by way of confession or

negation; which, if he shall refuse to do, that then the matter of charge may be taken *pro confesso*, and the court proceed according to justice."

Thereupon the lord president, in compliance with the motion, thus addressed the king: "Sir, you may remember at the last court you were told the occasion of your being brought hither, and you heard a charge against you, containing a charge of high treason, and other high crimes, against this realm of England. You heard, likewise, that it was prayed in behalf of the people that you should give an answer to that charge, that thereupon such proceedings might be had as should be agreeable to justice. You were then pleased to make some scruples concerning the authority of this court, and knew not by what authority you were brought hither. You did divers times propound your questions, and you were as often answered, that it was by authority of the Commons of England, assembled in parliament, that did think fit to call you to account for those high and capital misdemeanors wherewith you were then charged. Since that, the court hath taken into consideration what you then said. They are fully satisfied with their own authority, and they hold it fit you should stand satisfied with it too; and they do require it, that you do give a positive and particular answer to this charge that is exhibited against you. They do expect you should either confess or deny it; if you deny, it is offered, in the behalf of the nation, to be made good against you. Their authority they do avow to the whole world; *that* the whole kingdom are to rest satisfied in, and you are to rest satisfied with it; and therefore you are to lose no more time, but to give a positive answer thereunto."

K. When I was here last, 'tis true, I made that question; and truly, if it were only my own particular case, I should have satisfied myself with the protestation I made the last time I was here against the legality of this court, and that a king cannot be tried by any superior jurisdiction on earth; but it is not my case alone—it is the freedom and liberty of the people of England; and do you pretend what you will, I stand more for their liberties. For if power without law may make laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life, or anything that he calls his own; therefore, when that I came here, I did expect particular reasons, to know by what law, what authority, you did proceed against me here; and therefore I am a little to seek what to say to you in this particular, because the affirmative is to be proved—the negative often is very hard to do; but since I cannot persuade you to do it, I shall tell you my

reasons as short as I can. My reasons why, in conscience, and the duty I owe to God first and my people next, for the preservation of their lives, liberties, and estates, I conceive I cannot answer this till I be satisfied of the legality of it. All proceedings against any man whatsoever —

Here the lord president interrupted his majesty, stating that he would rather not have done so, but that the course the king was taking was "not agreeable to the proceedings of any court of justice." What the court required was, not any further disputing of its authority, but a direct answer from the prisoner, whether he would answer to the charge or not, and what his answer was. His majesty objects to answer, and goes on again as follows:

K. Sir, by your favor, though I do not know the forms of law, I do know law and reason; though I am no lawyer professed, yet I know as much law as any gentleman in England; and therefore (under favor) I do plead for the liberties of the people of England more than you do; and therefore if I should impose a belief upon any man without reason given for it, it were unreasonable; but I must tell you, that [using] that reason which I have, as thus informed, I cannot yield unto it.

B. Sir, I must interrupt you. You speak of law and reason; it is fit there should be law and reason, and there is both against you. Sir, the vote of the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, it is the reason of the kingdom; and they are these, too, that have given that law according to which you should have ruled and reigned. Sir, you are not to dispute our authority; you are told it again by the court. It will be taken notice of, that you stand in contempt of the court, and your contempt will be recorded accordingly.

K. All men, let me tell you, may put in demurrers against any proceedings as legal; and I do demand that, and demand to be heard with my reasons; if you deny that, you deny reason.

B. Sir, neither you nor any man are permitted to dispute that point. . . . You may not demur the jurisdiction of the court. If you do, I must let you know that they overrule your demurrer. They sit here by the authority of the Commons of England; and all your predecessors and you are responsible to them —

K. I deny that; show me one precedent.

B. Sir, you ought not to interrupt while the court is speaking to you. This point is not to be debated by you; neither will the court permit you to do it. If you offer it by way of demurrer to the jurisdiction of the court [you are to be answered that], they have

considered of their jurisdiction—they do affirm their own jurisdiction.

K. I say, sir, by your favor, that the Commons of England was never a court of judicature. I would know how they came to be so.

B. You are not to be permitted to go on in that speech and these discourses.

The clerk of the court then formally read the charge, and demanded of the king his answer. His majesty replied by saying: "I will answer the same as soon as I know by what authority you do this."

B. If this be all that you will say, then, gentlemen, you that brought the prisoner hither, take charge of him back again.

K. I do require that I may give in my reasons why I don't answer; and that you give me time for that.

B. Sir, 't is not for prisoners to require.

K. Prisoners, sir! I am not an ordinary prisoner.

B. The court hath considered of their jurisdiction, and they have already affirmed their jurisdiction; if you will not answer, we shall give order to record your default.

K. You never heard my reasons yet.

B. Sir, your reasons are not to be heard against the highest jurisdiction.

K. Show me that jurisdiction where reason is not to be heard.

B. Sir, we show it you here*—the Commons of England; and the next time you are brought, you will know more of the pleasure of the court, and, it may be, their final determination.

K. Show me wherever the House of Commons was a court of judicature of that kind.

B. Sergeant, take the prisoner away.

K. Well, sir, remember that the king is not suffered to give his reasons for the liberty and freedom of his subjects.

B. Sir, you are not to have liberty to use this language. How great a friend you have been to the laws and liberties of the people, let all England and the world judge.

K. Sir, under favor, it was the liberty, freedom, and laws of the subject that ever I took—defended myself with arms; I never took up arms against the people, but for the laws.

B. The command of the court must be obeyed. No answer will be given to the charge.

K. Well, sir.

The lord president ordered the default to be recorded, and the contempt of the court,

* This was an unhappy expression of Bradshaw's, which has since subjected him to no little abuse and ridicule. He seems to say, that the Commons of England would not hear reason; but it is plain enough he meant only that their authority was supreme in the nation, and did not admit of any logical disputing.

and that no answer would be given to the charge; and the king being guarded forth to the house of Sir Robert Cotton, the court rose, and adjourned until Tuesday at twelve o'clock.

The "reasons" which his majesty was so anxious to deliver against the jurisdiction of the court are reported to have been left by him in writing, for the "more impartial judgment of posterity." As they supply us with such defence and vindication as he may be supposed to have deemed sufficient, and as, under that view, they form an important element in the trial, it will be proper to insert them here. Whether his majesty actually wrote them, we cannot pretend to say, but there is little doubt that they express his sentiments. They run, in the report from which we copy them, as follows:—

"Having made my protestations, not only against the illegality of this pretended court, but also that *no earthly power can justly call me (who am your king) in question as a delinquent*; I would not any more open my mouth upon this occasion, more than to refer myself to what I have spoken, were I in this case alone concerned. But the duty I owe to God, in the preservation of the liberty of my people, will not suffer me at this time to be silent. For how can any free-born subject of England call life, or anything he possesseth, his own, if power without right daily make new, and abrogate the old fundamental law of the land? which I now take to be the present case. Wherefore, when I came hither, I expected that you would have endeavored to have satisfied me concerning these grounds, which hinder me to answer to your pretended impeachment; but since I see that nothing I can say will move you to it (though *negatives* are not so naturally proved as *affirmatives*), yet I will show you the reason why I am confident you cannot judge me, nor indeed the meanest man in England; for I will not (like you), without showing a reason, seek to impose a belief upon my subjects.

"There is no proceeding just against any man* but what is warranted either by God's laws, or the municipal laws of the country where he lives. Now I am most confident this day's proceeding cannot be warranted by God's law; for, on the contrary, the authority and obedience unto kings is clearly warranted and strictly commanded both in the Old and New Testament; which, if denied, I am ready instantly to prove.

"And for the question now in hand, there it is said: *That where the word of a king is, there is power; and who may say unto him, What doest thou?* (Ecc. viii. 4.) Then for the law of this land, I am no less confident

that no learned lawyer will affirm, that an *impeachment can lie against the king, they all going in his name*. And one of their maxims is, *That the king can do no wrong*. Besides, the law upon which you ground your proceedings must either be old or new; if old, show it; if new, tell what authority, warranted by the fundamental laws of the land, hath made it, and when. But how the House of Commons can erect a court of judicature, which was never one itself (as is well known to all lawyers), I leave to God and the world to judge. And it were full as strange that they should pretend to make laws without king or Lord's House, to any that have heard speak of the laws of England.

"And admitting, but not granting, that the people of England's commission could grant your *pretended power*, I see nothing you can show for that, for certainly you never asked the question of the *tenth man* in the kingdom; and in this way you manifestly wrong even the *poorest ploughman*, if you demand not his free consent. Nor can you pretend any color for this your *pretended commission*, without the consent at least of the *major part* of every man in England, of whatsoever quality or condition; which I am sure you never went about to seek, so far are you from having it. Thus you see that I speak not for my own right alone, as I am your king, but also for the true liberty of *my subjects*; which consists not in the *power of government*, but in *living under such laws, such a government*, as may give themselves the best assurance of their *lives, and property of their goods*. Nor in this must or do I forget the *privileges of both Houses of Parliament*, which this day's proceedings do not only *violate*, but likewise *occasion*, the greatest breach of their *public faith* that (I believe) ever was heard of, with which [however] I am far from charging the *two Houses*. For all the pretended crimes laid against me bear date long before this late treaty at Newport, in which I having concluded, as much as in me lay, and hopefully expecting the Houses' agreement thereto, I was suddenly surprised, and hurried from thence as a prisoner, upon which account I am, against my will, brought hither; where, since I am come, I cannot but, to my power, defend the ancient laws and liberties of this kingdom, together with my own just right. Then, for anything I can see, the *higher House* is totally excluded; and for the *House of Commons*, it is too well known that the major part of them are detained or deterred from sitting,* so as, if I had no other, this were sufficient for me to protest against the lawfulness of your *pretended court*. Besides all this, the peace of the kingdom is not the least of my thoughts; and what hope of settlement is

* "Hereabout," says his majesty in a note, "I was stopped, and not suffered to speak any more concerning reasons."¹

* Referring of course to Colonel Pride's *Purge*.

there, so long as power reigns without rule or law, changing the whole frame of that government under which this kingdom hath flourished for many hundred years! (Nor will I say what will fall out, in case this lawless, unjust proceeding against me do go on.) And believe it, the Commons of England will not thank you for this change, for they will remember how happy they have been of late years under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the king my father, and myself, until the beginning of these unhappy troubles, and will have cause to doubt that they shall never be so happy under any new. And by this time it will be too sensibly evident that the arms I took up were only to defend the fundamental laws of this kingdom against those who have supposed my power hath totally changed the ancient government.

"Thus having showed you briefly the reasons why I cannot submit to your *pretended authority*, without violating the trust which I have from God for the welfare and liberty of my people, I expect from you either clear reasons to convince my judgment, showing me that I am in an error (and then truly I will answer), or that you will withdraw your proceedings.

"This," says his majesty, "I intended to speak in Westminster Hall, on Monday, January 22, but, against reason, was hindered to show my reasons." It will be seen that his majesty, like all royalists, and most of their apologists, conceives the civil wars to have originated in sheer delusion — in fanatical opposition to a just and equitable administration; and that he has no idea of a latent power in the people superior to the kingly one, nor any sense of the responsibility which attaches to misgovernment. He stands solely on prerogative, and seems to regard the kingdom as a personal inheritance, of which he has been unjustly and violently dispossessed. His Puritan impeachers profess to stand upon the inherent rights of man, to which the rights of kings and rulers are quite secondary and subordinate; he and they have no one principle or standard of obligation and morality in common; and, accordingly, between them there can be neither understanding nor agreement.

Let us, however, pass on to the third day's proceedings. At the sitting of the court on Tuesday, the 23d January, there were seventy-three members present. The king, as before, comes in with his guard, "looks with an austere countenance upon the court, and sits down."

The solicitor-general then rises and observes, that it is now the third time that the prisoner has been brought to the bar without any issue being as yet joined in the cause. "My lord," says he, "I did at the first court exhibit a charge against him, containing the

highest treason that ever was wrought upon the theatre of England; that a king of England, trusted to keep the law, that had taken an oath so to do, that had a tribute paid him for that end, should be guilty of a wicked design to subvert and destroy our laws, and introduce an arbitrary and tyrannical government; in the defiance of the Parliament and their authority, set up his standard for war against his Parliament and people; and I did humbly pray, in the behalf of the people of England, that he might speedily be required to make an answer to the charge." He goes on to say, that, instead of answering, the prisoner did on that occasion dispute the authority of the court; that delay, in consequence, had been given him to consider and put in his answer; and that, on being required at the last sitting to give a direct and positive answer, either by denial or confession, he had demurred to the jurisdiction of the court; which demurrer the court had overruled, and thereupon commanded the prisoner to give a direct answer. "I shall now," said he, "humbly move your lordship for speedy judgment against him." He might press the motion on the ground that the prisoner stands as "contumacious in contempt," not having put in an issuable plea, guilty or not guilty; but he rests it rather on the fact, that the House of Commons, the supreme authority and jurisdiction of the kingdom, have declared, "*that it is notorious that the matter of the charge is true.*" "My lord," says he, "it is, in truth, as clear as crystal, and as the sun that shines at noonday; which, if your lordship and the court be not satisfied in, I have, on behalf of the people of England, several witnesses to produce." The cry of the innocent blood that has been shed, he adds, is very great for justice; "and, therefore," he concludes, "I do humbly pray that speedy judgment be pronounced against the prisoner at the bar."

The Lord President Bradshaw, upon this, addressed the king as follows: —

"Sir, you have heard what is moved by the counsel in behalf of the kingdom against you. You may well remember — and if you do not, the court cannot forget — what dilatory dealing the court hath found at your hands. You were pleased to propound some questions; you have had our resolutions upon them. You were told over and over again, that the court did affirm their own jurisdiction; that it was not for you, nor any other man, to dispute the jurisdiction of the supreme and highest authority of England, from which there is no appeal, and touching which there must be no dispute; yet you did persist in such carriage, as you gave no manner of obedience, nor did you acknowledge any authority in them, nor the high court that constituted this court of justice. Sir, I must let you know

from the court, that they are very sensible of these delays of yours, and that they ought not, being thus authorized by the Supreme Court of England, to be thus trifled withal; and that they might in justice, if they pleased, and according to the rules of justice, take advantage of these delays, and proceed to pronounce judgment against you; yet, nevertheless, they are pleased to give direction, and on their behalfs I do require you, that you make a positive answer unto this charge that is against you. Sir, in plain terms — for justice knows no respect of persons — you are to give your positive and final answer in plain English, whether you be guilty or not guilty of these treasons laid to your charge."

The king, after a little pause, said: "When I was here yesterday, I did desire to speak for the liberties of the people of England; I was interrupted; I desire to know yet whether I may speak freely or not."

B. Sir, you have had the resolution of the court upon the like question the last day; and you were told, that having such a charge of so high a nature against you, your work was, that you ought to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court, and to answer to your charge. Sir, if you answer to your charge — which the court gives you leave now to do, though they might have taken the advantage of your contempt — yet if you be able to answer to your charge, when you have once answered, you shall be heard at large — make the best defence you can. But, sir, I must let you know from the court, as their commands, that you are not to be permitted to issue out into any other discourses, till such time as you have given a positive answer concerning the matter that is charged upon you.

K. For the charge, I value it not a rush; it is the liberty of the people of England that I stand for. For me to acknowledge a new court that I never heard of before — I that am your king, that should be an example to all the people of England, to uphold justice, to maintain the old laws — indeed, I do not know how to do it. You spoke very well the first day that I came here (on Saturday) of the obligations that I had laid upon me by God, to the maintenance of the liberties of my people. The same obligation you spake of, I do acknowledge to God that I owe to Him and to my people, to defend, as much as in me lies, the ancient laws of the kingdom; therefore, until I may know that this is not against the fundamental laws of the kingdom, by your favor, I can put in no particular answer. If you will give me time, I will then show you my reasons why I cannot do it; and this —

Here, being interrupted, he said:

"By your favor, you ought not to interrupt me. How I came here I know not; there's

no law to make your king your prisoner. I was lately in a treaty upon the public faith of the kingdom; that was, the known — the two Houses of Parliament, that was the representative of the kingdom; and when I had almost made an end of the treaty, then I was hurried away and brought hither; and therefore" —

B. Sir, you must know the pleasure of the court.

K. By your favor, sir —

B. Nay, sir, by your favor, you may not be permitted to fall into these discourses; you appear as a delinquent; you have not acknowledged the authority of the court; the court craves it not of you; and, once more, they command you to give your positive answer. Clerk, do your duty.

K. Duty, sir!

The clerk accordingly reads: "Charles Stuart, King of England, you are accused in the behalf of the Commons of England of divers high crimes and treasons; which charge hath been read unto you. The court now requires you to give your positive and final answer, by way of confession or denial of the charge."

K. Sir, I say again unto you, so that I might give satisfaction to the people of England of the clearness of my proceedings — not by way of answer, not in this way — but to satisfy them that I have done nothing against that trust that hath been committed to me, I would do it; but to acknowledge a new court against their privileges — to alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, sir — you must excuse me.

B. Sir, this is the third time that you have publicly disowned the court, and put an affront upon it. How far you have preserved the privileges of the people, your actions have spoken; but truly, sir, men's intentions ought to be known by their actions; you have written your meaning in bloody characters throughout the whole kingdom. But, sir, you understand the pleasure of the court. Clerk, record the default. And, gentlemen, you that took charge of the prisoner, take him back again.

K. I will only say this one word to you — if it were only my own particular, I would not say any more, nor interrupt you.

B. Sir, you have heard the pleasure of the court; and you are (notwithstanding you will not understand it) to find that you are before a court of justice.

The king then went forth under guard, and proclamation was made, that all persons who had further to do with the court, might depart into the Painted Chamber; whither the court forthwith adjourned, intending to meet again in Westminster Hall at ten o'clock next morning.

Accordingly, on Wednesday, January 24, it

was expected that the court would sit, as on the day before proclaimed; but at the time appointed an usher appeared, and gave notice to the people assembled, that the court—then sitting in the Painted Chamber—was engaged in taking into consideration how the witnesses should be examined, in relation to present affairs, and therefore they could not yet resume their sittings in the hall, but that all persons appointed to be there were to appear upon further summons. It would appear that the whole of Wednesday was occupied in the private examination of witnesses; some thirty-three of whom deposed on oath that they had severally “seen his majesty at the head of his army, with his sword drawn, and actually in several battles; and that he levied forces and gave commissions;” and so forth, as stated in the charge against him. Most of these witnesses were soldiers, and had borne arms on the side of the Parliament. They were brought up from several different counties; some of them being described as belonging to the class of tradesmen, a few as laborers, and the rest as “gentlemen.” On Thursday they were sworn in open court, in the Painted Chamber, and their depositions taken upon the whole matter. The court then passed the following resolutions:—

“That this court will proceed to *sentence of condemnation* against Charles Stuart, King of England.

“That the condemnation of the king shall be for a *tyrant, traitor and murderer*.

“That the condemnation of the king shall be likewise for being a *public enemy* to the Commonwealth of England.

“That this condemnation shall extend to *death*.”

On Friday, January 26, the court, still sitting in the Painted Chamber, was engaged in considering the draught of a sentence against the king; and after several readings, debates, and amendments, it was resolved:—

“That this court do agree to the sentence now read.

“That the said sentence shall be engrossed.

“That the king be brought to Westminster Hall to-morrow to receive his sentence.”

We come now to the culmination of proceedings. On Saturday the 27th, the High Court sat for the fourth time in Westminster Hall, there being present sixty-seven members, whose names are all preserved in the *Black Tribunal*, but need not be here repeated. The Lord President Bradshaw took the chair in his scarlet robes—a color which our anonymous reporter thinks was particularly suitable to the day's work. “As the king came into the court, in his usual posture, with his hat on, a cry was made in the hall by some of the soldiers for *justice! justice! and execution*.” When silence had been commanded, his majesty began:—

K. I desire a word to be heard a little, and I hope I shall give no occasion of interruption—

B. You may answer in your time; hear the court first.

K. If it please you, sir, I desire to be heard, and I shall not give any occasion of interruption; and it is only a word; a sudden judgment—

B. Sir, you shall be heard in due time; but you are to hear the court first.

K. Sir, I desire it; it will be in order to what I believe the court to say; and therefore, sir, a hasty judgment is not so soon recalled—

B. Sir, you shall be heard before the judgment be given, and in the mean time you may forbear.

K. Well, sir, shall I be heard before the judgment be given?

B. [*Addressing the court and the people present.*] Gentlemen, it is well known to all or most of you here present, that the prisoner at the bar hath been several times convened and brought before the court, to make answer to a charge of treason and other high crimes, exhibited against him, in the name of the people of England— [Here an honorable lady interrupted the court, saying: “Not half the people,” or, as some report: “Not a tenth part of them;” and it is said that, on investigation being made as to who was the disturber, the speaker was discovered, as on the former day, to be the Lady Fairfax. She was instantly silenced, however, and the president went on:]—to which charge, continued he, being required to answer, he hath been so far from obeying the commands of the court, by submitting to their justice, as he began to take upon him to offer reasoning and debate upon the authority of the court, and upon the highest court that constituted them to try and judge him; but being overruled in that, and required to make his answer, he was still pleased to continue contumacious, and to refuse to submit or answer. Hereupon the court, that they may not be wanting to themselves, nor the trust reposed in them, nor that any man's wilfulness prevent justice, they have thought fit to take the matter into consideration; they have consulted of the charge; they have considered of the contumacy, and of that confession which in law doth arise upon that contumacy; they have likewise considered of the notoriety of the fact charged upon the prisoner; and upon the whole matter, they are resolved, and have agreed upon a sentence to be now pronounced against this prisoner; but, in respect he doth desire to be heard before the sentence be read and pronounced, the court hath resolved that they will hear him. Yet, sir [*turning to the prisoner*], thus much I must tell you beforehand, which you must

have been minded of at other courts, that if that you have to say be to offer any debate concerning jurisdiction, you are not to be heard in it. You have offered it formerly, and you have indeed struck at the root — that is, the power and supreme authority of the Commons of England, which this court will not admit a debate of, and which, indeed, is an irrational thing in them to do, being a court that acts upon authority derived from them. But, sir, if you have anything to say in defence of yourself concerning the matters charged, the court hath given me command to let you know they will hear you.

K. Since I see that you will not hear anything of debate concerning that which I confess I thought most material for the peace of the kingdom, and for the liberty of the subject, I shall waive it; I shall speak nothing to it; but only I must tell you, that this many a day all things have been taken away from me, but that which I call more dear to me than my life — which is *my conscience and my honor*; and if I had respect to my life, more than the *peace of the kingdom*, and the *liberty of the subject*, certainly I should have made a particular defence for myself; for by that at leastwise I might have delayed an ugly sentence which I believe will pass upon me. Therefore certainly, sir, as a man that hath some understanding, some knowledge of the world, if that my true zeal to my country had not overborne the care that I have of my own preservation, I should have gone another way to work than that I have done. Now, sir, I conceive that a hasty sentence once past, may be sooner repented than recalled; and truly the selfsame desire that I have for the peace of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, more than my own particular ends, makes me now at last desire, that I have something to say that concerns both, before sentence be given, that I may be heard in the Painted Chamber before the Lords and Commons. This delay cannot be prejudicial to you, whatsoever I say. If that I say no reason, those that hear me must be judges. If it be reason, and really for the welfare of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, I am sure on it, it is very well worth the hearing; therefore I do conjure you, as you love that you pretend — I hope it is real — the liberty of the subject, the peace of the kingdom, that you will grant me the hearing before any sentence be passed. I only desire this, that you will take this into your consideration — it may be you have not heard of it beforehand. If you will, I'll retire, and you may think of it; but if I cannot get this liberty, I do here protest, that these fair shows of liberty and peace are pure shows, and that you will not hear your KING.

B. Sir, you have now spoken.

K. Yes, sir.

B. And this that you have said is a further declining of the jurisdiction of this court, which was the thing wherein you were limited before —

K. Pray excuse me, sir, for my interruption, because you mistake me. It is not a declining of it; you do judge me before you hear me speak.

B. Sir, this is not altogether new that you have moved to us, though the first time in person you have offered it to the court. You say you do not decline the jurisdiction of the court.

K. Not in this that I have said.

B. I understand you well, sir; but, nevertheless, that which you have offered seems to be contrary to that saying of yours; for the court are ready to give a sentence. It is not as you say; *that they will not hear their king*; for they have been ready to hear you — they have patiently waited your pleasure for three courts together, to hear what you would say to the people's charge against you; to which you have not vouchsafed to give any answer at all. Sir, this tends to a further delay. Truly, sir, such delays as these neither may the kingdom nor justice well bear; you have had three several days to have offered in this kind what you would have pleased. This court is founded upon the authority of the *Commons of England*, in whom rests the supreme jurisdiction; that which you now tender is to have another jurisdiction, and a *coördinate jurisdiction*. I know very well you express yourself that notwithstanding what you would offer to the Lords and Commons in the Painted Chamber, you would, nevertheless, proceed on here. I did hear you say so; but, sir, that [which] you would offer there, whatever it is, must needs be in delay of justice here; so as if this court be resolved and prepared for the sentence, this that you offer they are not bound in justice to grant; but, sir, according to what you seem to desire, and because you shall know the further pleasure of the court upon that which you have moved, the court will withdraw for a time.

The court withdraws, accordingly, for half an hour into the Court of Wards, and shortly sends commands to the sergeant-at-arms to have the prisoner withdrawn until they order his return. When the members of the court come back, the prisoner is recalled, and the lord president thus proceeds: "Sir, you were pleased to make a motion here to the court, to offer a desire of yours touching the propounding of somewhat to the Lords in the Painted Chamber for the peace of the kingdom. Sir, you did in effect receive an answer before the court adjourned. Truly, sir, their withdrawing and adjournment was *pro formâ tantum* [for form's sake only], for it did not seem to them that there was any difficulty in

the thing. They have [however] considered of what you have moved, and have considered of their own authority, which is founded, as hath been often said, upon the supreme authority of the Commons of England assembled in Parliament. The court acts according to their commission, sir. The return I have to you from the court is this; that they have been too much delayed by you already; and this that you now offer hath occasioned some little further delay; and they are judges appointed by the highest authority; and judges are no more to delay than they are to deny justice." On all which considerations, he concludes by saying, the court are "resolved to proceed to sentence and judgment," and that such is their unanimous resolution.

"Sir," returned the king, "I know it is in vain for me to dispute. I am no sceptic to deny the power that you have; I know that you have power enough. But, sir, I think it would have been for the kingdom's peace, if you would have taken the pains to have shown the lawfulness of your power. For this delay that I have desired, I confess it is a delay very important for the peace of the kingdom; for it is not my person that I look on alone — it is the kingdom's welfare and the kingdom's peace. It is an old sentence, *that we should think on long before we have resolved of great matters suddenly*; therefore, sir, I do put at your doors all the inconvenience of a hasty sentence. I confess I have been here now, I think, this week — this day eight days was the day I came here first; but a little delay of a day or two further may give peace; whereas a hasty judgment may bring on that trouble and perpetual inconvenience to the kingdom, that the child that is unborn may repent it; and therefore, again, out of the duty I owe to God and to my country, do desire that I may be heard by the Lords and Commons in the Painted Chamber, or any other chamber that you will appoint me."

B. You have been already answered to what you have even now moved, being the same you moved before, since the resolution and the judgment of the court in it; and the court now requires to know whether you have any more to say for yourself than you have said, before they proceed to sentence.

K. I say this, sir, that if you hear me — if you will give me but this delay — I doubt not but I shall give some satisfaction to you all here, and to my people after that; and therefore I do require you, as you will answer it at the dreadful day of judgment, that you will consider it once again.*

* Hume and others have supposed that the king, had he been admitted to the desired interview with the Lords and Commons, intended formally to abdicate the crown in favor of his son; but there appears to be no reliable authority for the supposition.

To this entreaty the president replied, that he had received instructions from the court to proceed to sentence. He then went on, says our reporter, in a long harangue, endeavoring to justify the court's proceedings, "misapplying law and history, and raking up and wrestling whatsoever he thought fit for his purpose, alleging the examples of former treasons and rebellions, both at home and abroad, as authentic proofs; and concluding that the king was a *tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the Commonwealth of England*." In other words, the lord president did exactly what it is the habit of judges to do in other criminal cases; he went over the evidence brought before him, commented upon it according to his own impressions, and pronounced such a decision in regard to it as seemed accordant with his sense of right and justice. Whether the proceedings of the regicides are to be approved or condemned, there seems to be no reason for believing that they acted otherwise than under the sternest convictions that they were acting justly. It would naturally appear to them, that if a rebel against kingly authority could, under any circumstances, be rightly put to death, it was equally right, and not the less expedient, that a rebel and declared enemy of the Commonwealth — such as they esteemed the king to be — should be judged by the like process, and disposed of by infliction of the like penalty.

As sentence was about to be delivered, his majesty expressed a wish to say a word or two concerning the heavy imputations on which the president had rather earnestly insisted; but the latter, reminding him that he had disavowed the court, declared that it was then too late to hear anything of the kind proposed. "Sir," said he, "we have given you too much liberty already, and admitted of too much delay, and we may not admit of any further. Were it proper for us to do [so], we should hear you freely, and we should not have declined to have heard you at large what you could have said or proved on your behalf, whether for totally excusing, or for in part excusing, those great and heinous charges that, in whole or in part, are laid upon you. But, sir, I shall trouble you no longer; your sins are of so large a dimension, that if you do but seriously think of them, will drive you to a sad consideration — they may improve in you a sad and serious repentance; and that the court doth heartily wish that you may be so penitent for what you have done amiss, that God may have mercy, at leastwise, upon your better part. Truly, sir, for the other, it is our parts and duties to do that which the law prescribes. . . . What sentence the law affirms to a traitor, tyrant, murderer, and public enemy to the country, that sentence you are now to hear

read to you, and that is the sentence of the court."

Silence was then formally commanded while the sentence should be read; and this being obtained, the clerk, Mr. Broughton, read from an engrossed parchment to this effect:—

That the Commons of England in Parliament had appointed the present High Court of Justice for the trying of Charles Stuart, King of England; that the said Charles Stuart had accordingly been "three times convicted," and at the first time a charge of high treason, and other crimes and misdemeanors, was read in behalf of the Kingdom; that on the reading of such charge the said Charles Stuart was required to give his answer, but had refused to do so; that, nevertheless, the treasons and crimes aforesaid being notoriously undeniable, "this court doth adjudge that the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public enemy, shall be put to death, by the severing of his head from his body."

This, therefore, was the sentence, which being read, Bradshaw added: "The sentence now read and published is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court." And here the court stood up, and assented to what the president affirmed.

K. Will you hear me a word, sir!

B. Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

K. No, sir!

B. No, sir; by your favor, sir. Guard, withdraw your prisoner.

K. I may speak after the sentence, by your favor, sir; I may speak after the sentence ever. By your favor, hold; the sentence, sir—I say, sir, I do—I am not suffered to speak—expect what justice the people will have!

Here the voice of the crier rose, proclaiming: "Oyez! All manner of persons that have anything else to do are to depart at this time, and to give their attendance in the Painted Chamber, to which place this court doth forthwith adjourn itself. God bless the kingdom of England!"

On being seated in the Painted Chamber, the court appointed a committee, consisting of Sir Hardress Waller, Colonel Harrison, Commander General Ireton, Colonel Dean, and Colonel Okey, to consider of the time and place for the execution of the king, according to his sentence; and this done, the court adjourned itself till Monday morning at eight o'clock.

Meanwhile, his majesty being taken away by the guards, was subjected to some ill-treatment. "As he passed down the stairs," says the *Tribunal*, "the insolent soldiers scoffed at him, casting the smoke of their tobacco (a thing very distasteful unto him) in his face; he, however, according to his wonted heroic

patience, took no more notice of so strange and barbarous an indignity than to wipe it off with his handkerchief." As he passed along, some of the soldiers raised a cry of "Justice! justice!" "Poor souls," said he, "for a piece of money they would do the same to their commanders." Being brought to Sir Robert Cotton's, and thence to Whitehall, the soldiery still continued their inhuman carriage towards him, and even abused all that seemed to show any respect or pity to him; "not suffering him to rest in his chamber, but thrusting in, and smoking their tobacco, and disturbing his privacy." However, such indignities as were inflicted on him, we are informed, he bore "with such a calm and even temper, that he let fall nothing unbecoming his former majesty and magnanimity." There is no question that, in his humiliation, the king's bearing was every way composed and dignified.

In the evening of Saturday, his majesty expressed a desire, communicated by a member of the army to the committee, that he might see his children, and that Dr. Juxon, the Bishop of London, might be admitted to assist him in his devotions, and to administer to him the sacrament. Both requests were granted. On Sunday he was attended by his guard to St. James', where the bishop preached before him. The only members of his family who remained in England were the Princess Elizabeth and his youngest son, the Duke of Gloucester. The boy was a mere child, and the princess still of tender years. When they were brought to see him, he expressed himself very glad that they had come; and, drawing the princess near to him, he bade her remember to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, that it was his father's last desire that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient unto him as his sovereign; and that they should love one another, and forgive their father's enemies. But, as if doubting whether she would remember what he told her, he said: "Sweetheart, you'll forget this!" "No," said she, "I shall never forget it whilst I live." And, with many tears, she promised to write down the particulars. The king wished her not to grieve and torment herself on his account, as, he said, the death he was about to die would be a glorious one, it being "for the laws and liberties of the land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion." He recommended her to read the sermons of Bishop Andrews, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which, said he, would ground her against Popery. Lastly, he bade her tell her mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the very last. So, bidding her send his blessing to the rest of her brothers

and sisters, with commendation to all his friends, he gave her also his final blessing, and she took her leave. But while she still remained, he took the Duke of Gloucester on his knee, saying: "Sweetheart, they are going to cut off thy father's head;" upon which words the child, as if much surprised, "looked very steadfastly on him." "Mark, child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say — you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head, too, at last; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them." The child, with a great sigh, replied: "I will be torn to pieces first." And so prompt and apt an answer, falling so unexpectedly from one so young, made the king rejoice exceedingly.

Every night after his condemnation, his majesty is reported to have slept as sound as usual. On the 29th, the court met again in the Painted Chamber, to consider the resolution of the committee, which was: "That the open street before Whitehall is a fit place," and "that the king be there executed on the morrow." Of this the king had already received notice, and the court approved thereof, ordering a warrant to be drawn accordingly. The warrant runs as follows: —

"Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England, is, and standeth convicted, attainted, and condemned of High Treason, and other high crimes, and sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this court, to be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which sentence execution yet remains to be done: These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the 30th day of this instant month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon of the same day, with full effect: And for so doing this shall be your warrant. And these are to require all officers and soldiers, and other the good people of this nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service."

The document is addressed, "to Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Hunka, and Lieutenant-colonel Phray," and is sealed and subscribed by "J. Bradshaw," "O. Cromwell," and fifty-seven other gentlemen. There only remained now to send an order to the "officers of the Ordnance within the Tower of London," for the "bright execution-axe for the executing of malefactors;" and this being, with all submission, delivered to the sergeant-at-arms, "or his deputy or deputies," everything was prepared and in readiness for the great tragedy.

The morning of Tuesday the 30th of Janu-

ary dawns like other winter mornings; and, quite early, the commissioners are met together in the Painted Chamber, to consider and do what in the last hours seems to them required. They do nothing in particular, except to order "four or five of their ministers" to attend upon the king at St. James' with the offer of their spiritual services; "but his majesty, well knowing what miserable comforters they were like to prove, refused to have any conference with them." That morning the king, having slept soundly for about four hours, awoke near two hours before daylight; and calling to Mr. Herbert, one of his attendants, who lay by his bedside, requested him to rise. "For," said the king, "I will get up, having a great work to do this day. Herbert," he continued, "this is my second marriage-day; I will be as trim to-day as may be; for, before night, I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." He then appointed what clothes he would wear. "And," said he, "let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason that the season is so sharp, as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation; I fear not death; death is not terrible to me: I bless my God I am prepared." Soon after the king was dressed, the Bishop of London, Dr. Juxon, arrived, precisely at the time his majesty had before appointed. The bishop and the king spent an hour together in private; then calling Mr. Herbert, his lordship prayed in the prayers of the church, reading the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, which relates the passion of our Saviour. After service, the king thanked the bishop for making choice of that chapter, it being, as he observed, so applicable to his present condition. The bishop replied: "May it please your gracious majesty, it is the proper lesson for the day, as appears by the calendar;" at which the king was much affected, and "thought it a providential preparation for his death."

About ten o'clock, Colonel Hacker knocked gently at the chamber door; and, knocking louder a second time, the king commanded Herbert to go and open it. On being admitted, "Hacker came in trembling," and told his majesty it was time to go to Whitehall, where he might have further time to rest. The king answered: "Well, go forth; I will come presently." Soon after he arose, and, taking the bishop by the hand, said: "Come, let us go;" and turning to Mr. Herbert, he said: "Open the door; Hacker has given us a second warning." They passed through the garden* into the park, where several companies of infantry were drawn up, and formed a guard on each side of the path-

* The garden of St. James' Palace where the king since his trial had been kept.

way — the bishop walking on the king's right hand, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left, both bareheaded. The king walked very fast; and calling on them to walk faster, told them: "He now went before them, to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than he had often encouraged his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem." At the end of the park, the king was conducted up the stairs leading to the Long Gallery, and so into the Cabinet Chamber, where, "after several prayers and pious discourses, about twelve he ate a bit of bread, and drank a glass of claret." Soon after, Colonel Hacker came to the chamber door, and gave his last signal. The bishop and Mr. Herbert, weeping, fell upon their knees, and the king gave them his hand to kiss; and, helping up the aged bishop, said: "Open the door;" and he then directed Hacker to go on, saying: "I will follow." He was then conducted through the banqueting-house, by a passage made through a window, to the scaffold; on reaching which, he found so many companies of foot and troops of horse placed to keep off the spectators, that he perceived it would be impossible for him to address the people, so as to be heard by them, as he intended. What he wished to say, therefore, he addressed to the few persons who were immediately about him, and particularly to Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had latterly been committed. His speech, as reported in the *Black Tribunal*, was as follows: —

"I shall be very little heard of anybody; I shall therefore speak a word unto you here. Indeed, I could hold my peace very well, if I did not think that holding my peace would make some men think that I did submit to the guilt, as well as to the punishment; but I think it is my duty to God first, and to my country, to clear myself, both as an honest man, a good king, and a good Christian.

"I shall begin first with my *innocence*. In troth, I think it not very needful for me to insist long upon this, for all the world knows that I never did begin a war with the two Houses of Parliament; and I call God to witness — to whom I must shortly make an account — that I never did intend to encroach upon their privileges; they began upon me; it was the militia they began upon; they confessed that the militia was mine, but they thought it fit to have it from me. And, to be short, anybody who will look to the dates of commissions, of their commissions and mine, and likewise to the declarations, will see clearly that they began these unhappy troubles — not I; so that the guilt of these enormous crimes, that are laid against me, I hope in God that God will clear me of it. I will not (I am in charity), God forbid that I should, lay it upon the two Houses of Parliament; there is no necessity of either — I hope they

are free of this guilt; for I do believe that ill instruments between them and me have been the chief cause of all this bloodshed. So that, by way of speaking, as I find myself clear of this, I hope (and pray God) that they may [be clear] too; yet, for all this, God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are just upon me. Many times he does pay justice by unjust sentence; that is ordinary. I will only say this; that an unjust sentence,* which I suffered to take effect, is punished now by an unjust sentence upon me. That is, so far as I have said [or, what I have so far advanced is], to show you that I am an innocent man.

"Now, to show you that I am a *good Christian*. I hope there is [here] a good man (pointing to Dr. Juxon) that will bear me witness, that I have forgiven all the world, and even those in particular that have been the chief causers of my death; who they are, God knows; I do not desire to know; I pray God forgive them. But this is not all — my charity must go further; I wish that they may repent, for indeed they have committed a great sin in that particular. I pray God, with St. Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge; nay, not only so, but that they may take the right way to the peace of the kingdom; for my charity commands me, not only to forgive particular men, but to endeavor to the last gasp [to promote] the peace of the kingdom. So, sirs, I do with all my soul (and I hope there is some here will carry it further) that they may endeavor [after] the peace of the kingdom.

"Now, sirs, I must show you, both how you are out of the way, and will put you in the way. *First*, you are out of the way; for certainly all the way you ever have had yet, as I could find by anything, is in the way of conquest. Certainly, this is an ill way; for conquest, sir, in my opinion, is never just, except there be a good cause, either for matter of wrong or just title; and then, if you go beyond it, the first quarrel that you have [in regard] to it, makes that unjust at the end which was just at first. But if it be only matter of conquest, then it is a great robbery; as a pirate said to Alexander that he [the emperor] was a great robber, and he was but a petty robber. And so, sir, I do think the way that you are in is much out of the way.

"Now, sir, to put you in the way. Believe it, you will never do right, nor will God ever prosper you, until you give God his due, the king his due (that is, my successors), and the people their due. I am as much for them as any of you. You must give God his due by regulating rightly his Church (according to his Scripture), which is now out of order.† To set you in a way particularly

* The sentence against Strafford.

† His majesty of course means, that you must

now I cannot, but only this: A National Synod freely called, freely debating among themselves, must settle this—when that every opinion is freely and clearly heard. For the king, indeed I will not” — (Here, turning to a gentleman who happened to touch the axe, he said: “Hurt not the axe that may hurt me.”) “For the king,” he continued, “the laws of the land will clearly instruct you for that; therefore, because it concerns my own particular, I only give you a touch of it. For the people: And truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whosoever; but I must tell you, that their liberty and freedom consist in having, for government, those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not for having share in government, sir—that is nothing pertaining to them; a subject and a sovereign are clean different things; and, therefore, until they do that—I mean that you do put the people in [the way of] that liberty, as I say—certainly they will never enjoy themselves.

“Sirs, it was for this that now I am come here. If I would have given way to an arbitrary way, to have all laws changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come here; and therefore I tell you (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge) that I am the MARTYR of the people. In troth, sirs, I shall not hold you much longer, for I will only say this to you; that in truth I could have desired some little time longer, because I would have put this that I have said in a little more order, and [would have] a little better digested [it] than I have done; and therefore I hope you will excuse me. I have delivered my conscience; I pray God that you do take those courses that are best for the good of the kingdom and your own salvation.”

The king seemed here as though he had concluded, but the bishop, addressing him, observed: “Though it be very well known what your majesty’s affections are to the Protestant religion, yet it may be expected that you should say somewhat for the world’s satisfaction in that particular.”

“I thank you heartily, my lord,” returned the king: “I had almost forgotten it. In troth, sirs, my conscience in religion, I think, is very well known to all the world; and, therefore, I do declare, before you all, that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father; and this honest man (pointing to Juxon) I think will witness it.” Then turning to the officers, he said: “Sirs, excuse me for this; I have a good cause, and I have

a gracious God; I will say no more.” To Colonel Hacker he said: “Take care they do not put me to pain;” and to a gentleman coming near the axe again, he exclaimed: “Take heed of the axe, sir—pray take heed of the axe.” Next, speaking to the executioner, he said: “I shall say but short prayers; and when I thrust out my hands—then!”

He now called to Dr. Juxon for his night-cap, and put it on; and being desired by the executioner to put his hair under the cap, he did so accordingly, with the help of the executioner and the bishop. Then turning to Juxon, he said (perhaps, as if half in doubt), “I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side.” The bishop answered: “There is but one stage more—this stage is turbulent and troublesome, but it is a short one; you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way—it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort.” “I go,” rejoined the king, “from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where there can be no disturbance.” “You are exchanged,” added the bishop, “from a temporal to an eternal crown; a truly good exchange.” Then the king, asking the executioner: “Is my hair well?” took off his cloak and his George, and, giving the latter to Dr. Juxon, said impressively: “Remember!” Looking at the block, he bade the executioner to make it fast; and on being assured that it was fast, he said: “When I put my hands out this way”—stretching them out to show—“then!”—After that, having uttered a few words to himself, as he stood with hands and eyes uplifted, he stooped down and laid his neck upon the block. As the executioner again adjusted his hair under his cap, the king, thinking he was going to strike at once, called to him: “Stay for the sign.” After a short pause, his majesty stretched forth his hands, and thereupon the executioner (who was all the while in a mask) at one blow severed his head from his body; and an assistant, taking it up, held it streaming with blood before the spectators, crying: “This is the head of a traitor!”

We stay not to imagine the sensations of horror, or other feelings, that took possession of the people. Let it suffice here to relate that, after the execution, the head and body were “put into a coffin covered with black velvet,” and carried into the king’s lodging-chamber in Whitehall. Application was made to the men in power for leave to bury the remains in King Henry VII.’s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey; but the request was denied, on the grounds that the spectacle might attract great numbers of the people to the place—a circumstance which, it was thought, would be unsafe and inconvenient.

restore Prelacy, and maintain the Church according to the notions and discipline of Archbishop Laud.

Leave, however, was given, upon a second address, for the interment to take place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The body was embalmed, and placed in a lead coffin, "to be seen for some days by the people;" and at length, on the 7th of February, it was carried from St. James' in a hearse drawn by six horses, with four coaches following, and so brought to Windsor Castle. Here the order for interment was shown to the governor, Colonel Whicohott. The arrangements for the burial were committed to the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, and the Bishop of London; the government allowing 500*l.* for the expenses. Their lordships agreed on placing the king's body in a vault about the middle of the choir, "over against the eleventh stall upon the sovereign's side," where the bodies of Henry VIII. and Lady Jane Seymour had been formerly interred. When the coffin was brought to the vault, the Bishop of London stood ready with the service-book in his hands, intending to have performed that last duty by reading the public form of burial; but the rude Puritan governor would not suffer it to be done. "And though the lords earnestly desired it, and insisted on the Parliament's leave for it, yet he still denied, and said: 'It was improbable the Parliament would permit the use of what they have so solemnly abolished, and therein destroy their own act.' So the body was silently deposited, with this circumscription in capital letters upon lead:

KING CHARLES.

1648."*

No monument was erected to his memory, either at that time or after the Restoration, when it might very readily have been done with the sanction of the Parliament and country, which would doubtless have granted a liberal sum of money for the purpose. This circumstance has given occasion to conjectures, and even doubts, whether the royal body had been actually deposited in St. George's Chapel, or whether it might not have been afterwards removed by the regicides. Lord Clarendon, in his *History of the Great Rebellion*, seems to intimate that though the king was known to have been interred there, the body could not be found when searched for some years afterwards. An attempt was made, at a comparatively early date, to remove all uncertainties about

* The real date of the death of Charles is 1649. At that time, however, and for a long time afterwards, the year was not held as terminating till the 25th of March. All dates, accordingly, between 1st January and 25th March, were usually expressed as belonging to what we would now call the preceding year.

the matter; the compiler or author of our *Black Tribunal* having obtained direct from "Mr. John Sewel, a Register at Windsor Castle," the following certificate or memorandum: "Anno 1696, Sept. 21. — The same vault in which King Charles I. was buried, was opened, to lay in a still-born child of the then Princess of Denmark, our late gracious queen." We read further in the *Tribunal*: "On the king's coffin, the velvet pall was strong and sound, and there was about the coffin a leaden band, with this inscription cut through it, 'KING CHARLES, 1648.'" As a further memorandum relating to King Charles' interment, he says: "That when the body of King Charles I. lay in state in the Dean's Hall, the Duke of Richmond had the coffin opened, and was satisfied that it was the king's body. This several people have declared they knew to be true, who were alive and then present, as Mr. Randolph of New Windsor, and others." So that he thinks the Lord Clarendon was misled in that matter, and that King Charles II. never sent to inquire after the body, "since it was well known, both to the inhabitants of the castle and town, that it was in that vault."

In some such state of hearsay and half-uncertainty the matter rested down to our own times. Indeed, it is questionable whether so much evidence as the above was, to any considerable extent, known to be in existence. It seems to have been commonly understood, that the king had been buried somewhere in or about St. George's Chapel, but the actual place of sepulture remained a mystery. An accident at length elucidated what had been so long enveloped in obscurity. In the year 1813, certain repairs and alterations were made in the royal burial-place at Windsor, when it was found necessary to form a passage to what is called the Tomb-house from under the chapel choir. "In constructing this passage an aperture was made accidentally in one of the walls of the vault of Henry VIII., through which the workmen were enabled to see, not only the two coffins which were supposed to contain the bodies of Henry and Queen Jane Seymour, but a third also, covered with a black velvet pall, which was presumed to hold the remains of Charles I. On representing the circumstance to the prince-regent, he perceived at once that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this long-concealed vault; and, accordingly, an examination was ordered. This was done on the 1st of April, 1813, the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his royal highness himself and other distinguished personages.

"The vault being opened, the first thing done was the removal of the pall, whereupon there was discovered a plain leaden coffin,

with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing the inscription 'KING CHARLES, 1648,' in large, legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were, an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped up in cerecloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cerecloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cerecloth was easy; and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discolored. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone, but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire.

"It was difficult at this moment to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially to the pictures of King Charles I., by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression; and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, an eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

"When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish-red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance, the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion

of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown color; that of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death,* in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

"On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even—an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I.

"After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation; the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed."

An authentic account of this discovery, and of the circumstances attending it, was substantiated by the signature of the prince-regent, and deposited in the British Museum. The present statement is derived from a paper on the subject contained in a volume of pamphlets, entitled *Essays and Orations*, published by Mr. Murray in 1831; and is quoted from an abridged account given in an early number of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

We do not enter into the moral question involved in the beheading of King Charles, as that is a subject involving more considerations than could be adequately dealt with at the end of the present paper. It has been our aim simply to supply the reader with the particulars of a celebrated trial, which is not usually represented otherwise than in meagre and imperfect outline in the current histories. It has been rendered by most historians pretty much according to their personal prepossessions, and has very rarely been set forth with anything approaching to unprejudiced impartiality. The present representation, drawn as it is from the reports and memorandums of a professed contemporary royalist, may be concluded to give as unfavorable a view of the proceedings as could readily be given in the shape of a report, though we see no reason to believe that anything has been consciously or intentionally perverted; and we

* This latter the more likely, as it will be seen, from the foregoing account of the execution, that the hair was tucked up under the cap; and there is no mention at all of its having been cut off.

apprehend that the effect of it will be to show, that the court before which the king was brought to trial had no defect of judicial dignity, and that the prisoner had every courtesy and consideration paid to him which was consistent with his position as an arraigned criminal before a popular tribunal. While we pity the fate of Charles, we must in fairness respect the motives and intense sincerity of his judges; and if we acknowledge that it would have been right in him to crush his opponents in the civil wars, had he been successful in the contest, it is not easy to see how it was wrong in them to give to him the very measure which he would have meted out to others.

From the Spectator.

SOCIETY IN NEW ZEALAND.

ONE of the latest letters from New Zealand, written by a "systematic colonizer" of no common distinction, contains, besides a great deal of other information, the following sketches of his first impressions of the country.

The country, physically, far surpasses my expectations. Not that it is different, *generally*, from my notions of it before touching the soil, but actual familiarity with particulars has made the old impressions more distinct. The climate is, to my feelings, delicious, though far from resembling what we call a delicious climate in Europe, such as that of Naples in winter. Its principal characteristic is some invigorating property, which affects man and beast equally, so that both horse and rider are always in good spirits. . . . Fine health is general both in old and young. In dozens, at Canterbury, I was astonished at the change from their state at home. It was very marked in some ladies, who appeared ten years younger than when I parted from them in London. All the creole children are ruddy when not suffering from some particular complaint; I have not seen an exception; and you know how I examine the children and dogs wherever I may be. . . .

The productiveness of soil or climate, or rather both, is immense. It is really tropical in quantity and rapidity of growth. Take, for example, water-cresses; they fill the rivers, streams, rivulets, and rills, growing in places to a great height, and so strong and thick that a light weight can scramble across the water on them. The cattle eat them with avidity, so that, when exposed, they are continually cropped. During my short stay, I have seen a little stream cropped down by cattle and again covered with cresses now almost ready to be eaten. English clover grows and spreads in the same way. The vegetables at Canterbury are finer than I have ever seen before. Mr. Britton—a careful, cautious man—grew there, this year, thirteen acres of wheat; the crop was of average quality and quantity; the carefully-measured produce

of one acre was seventy bushels and a peck, weighing sixty-four pounds to the bushel! . . . I saw lately at the Hut Valley some thirty horses, chiefly brood-mares and their progeny of various ages up to four years, which are *never* housed, and which *never* get anything to eat but the grass (laid down meadow) of their paddock; they were then, and are said to be always, too fat, some of them resembling animals fed for the Smithfield show, and all having sleek-shining coats. . . .

The scenery is peculiar, though greatly varied. Upon the whole, I think it most beautiful. But there are all sorts—the grand, the beautiful, and the pleasant. Not even the centre of the great Canterbury Plain—an immense dead level in appearance—is ugly, because there are always in sight fine mountains, appearing, from the singular clearness of the atmosphere, to be near at hand. This district [Wellington] has great variety, though near the town, excepting the Hut Valley, it is hilly and mountainous. S—, in talking about it, (you know his dislike to strong expressions) has been caught saying, first (this was as we coasted along Bank's Peninsula), "exquisitely beautiful!" and then, (amidst glens and wooded hills close to this town), "intensely lovely!"

Socially (I can speak from personal observation only of Canterbury and Wellington), there is much to like and much to dislike. The newest comers from England are the best on the whole; more especially the *picked* materials with which Canterbury was founded. But I hear that B—is very much pleased with the Otago people; and I have myself some gratifying proofs of the inflexible worth of the Scotch people there, who are the great majority. The patriarch Cargill is firm as a rock in the principles and ideas with which he emigrated; and he is the trusted leader of that settlement. At Canterbury, I could have fancied myself in England, except for the hard-working industry of the upper classes and the luxuriant independence of the common people. Altogether I was really charmed with the colonists there. Here long subjection to foul government has a good deal corrupted the higher classes, and to some extent all classes. As George the Fourth made us all wear black neckcloths in the evening (I remember when the practice would have been generally deemed barbarous), so ——— has made trickery and cajolery fashionable in the older settlements. To his example, mainly, I likewise attribute a greedy selfishness which pervades society here. Still, the upper classes are very hospitable, and very deficient in the pride of mere purse or station; and the common people are remarkably honest. Their great prosperity places them out of the way of temptation. Their entire independence is not disagreeable to me, who am accustomed to America and like it. There is absolutely no servility. I think there is no lack either of real respect for what deserves it or of real politeness; though the mere outward manner of the common people seems rudely independent to such as have been always used to the hypocritical servility of tradespeople and lacqueys at home. I get on famously with the

"unwashed," and like them. S—, as yet incapable of understanding them, thinks them rude and disagreeable. His Oxford habits of thought are shocked by the democratic ways of a carpenter here, who speaks of him as "S—" without the Mister, and calls a brother carpenter "Mister Smith."

There is an intense jealousy of new-comers; a state of feeling which always takes possession of young colonies, and holds possession of them till they begin to grow old. For every new-comer probably comes to be the competitor or rival of somebody. B— has been quite upset by the shock of meeting this strong colonial sentiment; and it gives S— the stomach-ache. I am happily able to laugh at it. . . . Colonial jealousy of the new-comer passes away in time, and soon in proportion as the new-comer soon takes root in the land. When he is fairly planted, he, in his turn, becomes jealous of other new-comers. But the worst feature, I think, of this colonial society, is a general narrow-mindedness. Everybody's ideas seem to be localized to his own part of the country. I have not met with one person as well acquainted as I am myself with New Zealand in general. Thought abstracted from the individual seems totally absent. The interests and amusements of each person are the only subject of his thoughts. This is partly owing to the want of intercommunication among the settlements, which are, and will be till they get local steam-navigation, as much cut off from each other as if separated by a thousand miles of ocean; so that each community is naturally as small in its ideas as in its numbers. But the evil in question has another cause, which is the cause of many more evils—namely, the total absence of popular power and responsibility. Why should anybody care about New Zealand in general, still more about political economy, or jurisprudence, or institutional politics, or anything else the study of which needs abstract reflection, when all are without the least means of giving effect to such opinions and desires as they would form if they had those means? The total want of political liberty produces a stagnant frame of mind, except as regards getting money or spending it. I can't find one person who has it in his head to contemplate the prosperity and greatness of this country, not one who really sympathizes with my dreams of the last fifteen years. Some say they do, and believe what they say; but a but could see that they do not really. It is a miserable state of things. Add to it the degrading influence of the meanest spirit and the most dishonorable practices in the constituted authorities—in those who necessarily give the tone to opinion and conduct—and you will think that I must be very unhappy. But I am not so at all. On the contrary, I am sure that there is a good foundation to work upon, in the best set of colonists that have ever left England in modern times; that poverty and crime ("crime" in the Old Country sense) are impossible; that the country is unrivalled in climate and productiveness; and that the mind of the people will be changed by the coming responsibilities of political power.

TO OBTAIN SKELETONS OF SMALL ANIMALS.—Put any subject—such as a mouse or frog (if a bird, strip it of its feathers)—into a box perforated with a number of holes. Let it be properly distended, to prevent the parts from collapsing, or being crushed together by pressure of the earth. Then place the box with its contents in an ant-hole, and in a few days it will have become an exquisitely beautiful and perfect skeleton. The ants will have consumed every part of it except the bones and ligaments. The tadpole acts the same part with fish that ants do with birds; and, through the agency of this little reptile, perfect skeletons, even of the smallest fishes, may be obtained. To produce this, it is but necessary to suspend the fish by threads attached to the head and tail, in a horizontal position, in a jar of water, such as is found in a pond, and change it often, till the tadpoles have finished their work. Two or three tadpoles will perfectly dissect a fish in twenty-four hours.

THE queen's steamer *Bloodhound*, recently arrived at Woolwich from the West coast of Africa, has brought a fine, healthy chimpanzee; of which this account is given:—"Although a young male, being only about three years old, the face has the appearance of a very old man. It is affectionate and very good-tempered, romps and amuses itself with the sailors, and sits down and sips its cocoa with a spoon as methodically as any of them. It has taken a great liking to one of the crew, and never appears angry when any one teases itself, but the moment they commence teasing its favorite, it jumps upon his shoulders, and, clasping one arm round his neck, deals hard blows at the face of the teaser, and cries out threats of defiance; and when it cannot reach him, it will stamp its foot and cry like a passionate child. It has well formed hands and arms; only the upper part of the hands are very hard, as when it walks on all fours it supports itself on the knuckles of the second joint of the fingers when they are turned inwards."

The Invalid's Own Book; a collection of Recipes from various Books and various Countries. By the Honorable Lady Cust.

A collection of recipes for drinks and dishes designed for the use of invalids. The directions are clear and brief, warranted safe in use. To us they look rather *washy*. Teas, waters, and emulsions, occupy a very conspicuous place; in fact, with jellies, gruels, porridges, broths, and soups, they fill considerably more than half the volume. Here and there something strong may be found. "Sherry cobbler" and "mint julep" lurk among "the waters"; in a sort of appendix of "cordials" there is a recipe for "egg wine" with the wine left out; "claret cup" is not so much amiss for an invalid—"one bottle of light claret, one glass of brandy, one lemon peeled thin, half a pint of water, and sugar to the taste; flavor with borage."—*Spectator*.

From Chambers' Journal.

DUCK-SHOOTING ADVENTURE UPON THE CHESAPEAKE.

Of the two dozen species of American wild-ducks, none has a wider celebrity than that known as the canvas-back; even the eider-duck is less thought of, as the Americans care little for beds of down. But the juicy, fine-flavored flesh of the canvas-back is esteemed by all classes of people; and epicures prize it above that of all other winged creatures, with the exception, perhaps, of the reed-bird or rice-bunting, and the prairie-hen. These last enjoy a celebrity almost, if not altogether equal. The prairie-hen, however, is the *bon morceau* of western epicures; while the canvas-back is only to be found in the great cities of the Atlantic. The reed-bird—the American representative of the ortolan—is also found in the same markets with the canvas-back. The flesh of all three of these birds—although the birds themselves are of widely different families—is really of the most delicious kind: it would be hard to say which of them is the greatest favorite. The canvas-back is not a large duck, rarely exceeding three pounds in weight. Its color is very similar to the pochard of Europe; its head is a uniform deep chestnut, its breast black; while the back and upper part of the wings present a surface of bluish-gray, so lined and mottled as to resemble—though very slightly, I think—the texture of canvas: hence the trivial name of the bird.

Like most of the water-birds of America, the canvas-back is migratory. It proceeds in spring to the cold countries of the Hudson's Bay territory, and returns southward in October, appearing in immense flocks along the Atlantic shores. It does not spread over the fresh-water lakes of the United States, but confines itself to three or four well-known haunts, the principal of which is the great Chesapeake Bay. This preference for the Chesapeake Bay is easily accounted for, as here its favorite food is found in the greatest abundance. Round the mouths of the rivers that run into this bay, there are extensive shoals of brackish water; these favor the growth of a certain plant of the genus *vallisneria*—a grass-like plant, standing several feet out of the water, with deep green leaves, and stemless, and having a white and tender root. On this root, which is of such a character as has given the plant the trivial name of wild celery, the canvas-back feeds exclusively; for wherever it is not to be found, neither does the bird make its appearance. Diving for it, and bringing it up in its bill, the canvas-back readily breaks off the long, lanceolate leaves, which float off, either to be

eaten by another species—the pochard—or to form immense banks of wrack, that are thrown up against the adjacent shores. It is to the roots of the wild celery that the flesh of the canvas-back owes its esteemed flavor, causing it to be in such demand that very often a pair of these ducks will bring three dollars in the markets of New York and Philadelphia. When the finest turkey can be had for less than a third of that sum, some idea may be formed of the superior estimation in which the web-footed favorites are held.

Of course, shooting the canvas-back duck is extensively practised, not only as an amusement, but as a professional occupation. Various means are employed to slaughter these birds: decoys by means of dogs, duck-boats armed with guns that resemble infernal-machines, and disguises of every possible kind. The birds themselves are extremely shy; and a shot at them is only obtained by great ingenuity and after considerable dodging. They are excellent divers; and when only wounded, almost always make good their escape. Their shyness is overcome by their curiosity. A dog placed upon the shore, near where they happen to be, and trained to run backwards and forwards, will almost always seduce them within shot. Should the dog himself not succeed, a red rag wrapped around his body, or tied to his tail, will generally bring about the desired result. There are times, however, when the ducks have been much shot at, that even this decoy fails of success.

On account of the high price the canvas-backs bring in the market, they are pursued by the hunters with great assiduity, and are looked upon as a source of much profit. So important has this been considered, that in the international treaties between the states bordering upon the Chesapeake, there are several clauses or articles relating to them that limit the right of shooting to certain parties. An infringement of this right, some three or four years ago, led to serious collisions between the gunners of Philadelphia and Baltimore. So far was the dispute carried, that schooners armed, and filled with armed men, cruised for some time on the waters of the Chesapeake, and all the initiatory steps of a little war were taken by both parties. The interference of the general government prevented what would have proved, had it been left to itself, a very sanguinary affair.

Staying for some days at the house of a planter near the mouth of a small river that runs into the Chesapeake, I felt inclined to have a shot at the far-famed canvas-backs. I had often eaten of these birds, but had never shot one, or even seen them in their natural habitat. I was, therefore, anxious to try my hand upon them, and I accordingly set out one morning for that purpose. My friend

lived upon the bank of the river, some distance above tide-water. As the wild celery grows only in brackish water—that is, neither in the salt sea itself nor yet in the fresh-water rivers—I had to pass down the little stream a mile or more before I came to the proper place for finding the ducks. I went in a small skiff, with no other companion than an ill-favored cur-dog, with which I had been furnished, and which was represented to me as one of the best duck-dogs in the country. My friend, having business elsewhere, unfortunately could not upon that day give me his company; but I knew something of the place, and being *au fait* in most of the dodges of duck-hunting, I fancied I was quite able to take care of myself.

Floating and rowing by turns, I soon came in sight of the bay and the wild-celery fields, and also of flocks of water-fowl of different species, among which I could recognize the pochards, the canvas-backs, and the common American widgeon (*Anas Americana*). Seeking a convenient place near the mouth of the stream, I landed; and, tying the skiff to some weeds, proceeded in search of a cover. This was soon found—some bushes favored me; and, having taken my position, I set the dog to his work. The brute, however, took but little notice of my words and gestures of encouragement. I fancied that he had a wild and frightened look, but I attributed this to my being partially a stranger to him; and was in hopes that, as soon as we became better acquainted, he would work in a different manner. I was disappointed, however, as, do what I might, he would not go near the water, nor would he perform the trick of running to and fro which I had been assured by my friend he would be certain to do. On the contrary, he cowered among the bushes, near where I had stationed myself, and seemed unwilling to move out of them. Two or three times, when I dragged him forward, and motioned him toward the water, he rushed back again, and ran under the brushwood.

I was exceedingly provoked with this conduct of the dog, the more so that a flock of canvas-backs, consisting of several thousands, was seated upon the water not more than half a mile from the shore. Had my dog done his duty, I have no doubt they might have been brought within range; and, calculating upon this, I had made sure of a noble shot. My expectations, however, were defeated by the waywardness of the dog, and I saw there was no hope of doing anything with him. Having arrived at this conclusion, after some hours spent to no purpose, I rose from my cover, and marched back to the skiff. I did not even motion the wretched cur to follow me; and I should have rowed off without him, risking the chances of my friend's displeasure, but it pleased the animal himself to trot after

me without invitation, and, on arriving at the boat, to leap voluntarily into it. I was really so provoked with the brute, that I felt much inclined to pitch him out again. My vexation, however, gradually left me; and I stood up in the skiff, turning over in my mind what course I should pursue next.

I looked toward the flock of canvas-backs. It was a tantalizing sight. They sat upon the water as light as cork, and as close together as sportsman could desire for a shot. A well-aimed discharge could not have failed to kill a score of them at least. Was there no way of approaching them? This question I had put to myself for the twentieth time at least, without being able to answer it to my satisfaction.

An idea at length flitted across my brain. I had often approached common mallards by concealing my boat under branches or furze, and then floating down upon them, impelled either by the wind or the current of a stream. Might not this also succeed with the canvas-backs? I resolved upon making the experiment. The flock was in a position to enable me to do so. They were to the leeward of a sedge of the *vallisneria*. The wind would carry my skiff through this; and the green bushes with which I intended to disguise it would not be distinguished from the sedge, which was also green. The thing was feasible. I deemed it so. I set about cutting some leafy branches that grew near, and tying them along the gunwales of my little craft. In less than half an hour, I pushed her from the shore; and no one at a distance would have taken her for aught else than a floating raft of brushwood.

I now pulled quietly out until I had got exactly to windward of the ducks, at about half a mile's distance from the edge of the flock. I then took in the paddles, and permitted the skiff to glide before the wind. I took the precaution to place myself in such a manner that I was completely hidden, while through the branches I commanded a view of the surface on any side I might wish to look. The bushes acted as a sail, and I was soon drifted down among the plants of the wild celery. I feared that this might stay my progress, as the breeze was light, and might not carry me through. But the sward, contrary to what is usual, was thin at the place where the skiff had entered, and I felt, to my satisfaction, that I was moving, though slowly, in the right direction. I remember that the heat annoyed me at the time. It was the month of November; but it was that peculiar season known in America as "Indian summer," and the heat was excessive—not under 90 degrees, I am certain. The shrubbery that encircled me prevented a breath of air from reaching my body; and the rays of the noon-day sun fell almost vertically in that southern

latitude, seorching me as I lay along the bottom of the boat. Under other circumstances, I should not have liked to undergo such a roasting; but, with the prospect of a splendid shot before me, I endured it as best I could.

The skiff was nearly an hour in pushing its way through the field of *vallisneria*, and once or twice it remained for a considerable time motionless. A stronger breeze, however, would spring up, and then the sound of the reeds rubbing the sides of the boat would gratefully admonish me that I was again moving ahead. I saw, at length, to my great gratification, that I was approaching the selvage of the sedge, and, moreover, that the flock itself was moving, as it were, to meet me! Many of the birds were diving and feeding in the direction of the skiff. I lay watching them with interest. I saw that the canvas-backs were accompanied by another species of a very different color from themselves: this was the American widgeon. It was a curious sight to witness the constant warfare that was carried on between these two species of birds. The widgeon is but a poor diver, while the canvas-back is one of the very best. The widgeon, however, is equally fond of the roots of the wild celery with his congener; but he has no means of obtaining them except by robbing the latter. Being a smaller and less powerful bird, he is not able to do this openly; and it was curious to observe the means by which he effected his purpose. It was as follows: When the canvas-back descends, he must perforce remain some moments under water. It requires time to seize hold of the plant, and pluck it up by the roots. In consequence of this, he usually reaches the surface in a state of half-blindness, holding the luscious morsel in his bill. The widgeon has observed him going down, and, calculating to a nicety the spot where he will reappear, seats himself in readiness. The moment the other emerges, and before he can fully recover his sight or his senses, the active spoliator makes a dash, seizes the celery in his horny mandibles, and makes off with it as fast as his webbed feet can propel him. The canvas-back, although chagrined at being plundered in this impudent manner, knows that pursuit would be idle, and, setting the root down as lost, draws a fresh breath, and dives for another. I noticed in the flock the continual occurrence of such scenes.

A third species of birds drew my attention: these were the pochards, or, as they are termed by the gunners of the Chesapeake, red-heads (*Fuligula erythrocephalus*). These creatures bear a very great resemblance to the canvas-backs, and can hardly be distinguished except by their bills; those of the former being concave along the upper surface, while the bills of the canvas-backs exhibit a nearly straight line. I saw that the pochards did

not interfere with either of the other species, contenting themselves with feeding upon what neither of the others cared for—the green leaves of the *vallisneria*, which, after being stripped of their roots, were floating in quantities on the surface of the water. Yet these pochards are almost as much prized for the table as their cousins, the canvas-backs; and, indeed, they are often put off for the latter by the poulterers of New York and Philadelphia. Those who would buy a real canvas-back should know something of natural history. The form and color of the bill would serve as a criterion to prevent their being deceived. In the pochard, the bill is of a bluish color; that of the canvas-back is dark-green: moreover, the eye of the pochard is yellow, while that of its congener is fiery red.

These thoughts were banished from my mind, on perceiving that I had at last drifted within range of a thick clump of the ducks. Nothing now remained but to poke my gun noiselessly through the bushes, set the cocks of both barrels, take aim, and fire. It was my intention to follow the usual plan—that is, fire one barrel at the birds while sitting, and give them the second as they rose upon the wing. This intention was carried out the moment after; and I had the gratification of seeing some fifteen or twenty ducks strewn over the water, at my service. The rest of the flock rose into the heavens, and the clapping of their wings filled the air with a noise that resembled thunder. I say that there appeared to have been fifteen or twenty killed; how many I never knew: I never laid my hands upon a single bird of them. I became differently occupied, and with a matter that soon drove canvas-backs, and widgeons, and pochards, as clean out of my head as if no such creatures had ever existed.

While drifting through the sedge, my attention had several times been attracted by what appeared to be strange conduct on the part of my canine companion. He lay cowering in the bottom of the boat near the bow, and half covered by the bushes; but every now and then he would start to his feet, look wildly around, utter a strange whimpering, and then resume his crouching attitude. I noticed, moreover, that at intervals he trembled as if he was about to shake out his teeth. All this had caused me wonder—nothing more. I was too much occupied in watching the game, to speculate upon causes; I believed, if I formed any belief on the subject, that these manoeuvres were caused by fear; that the cur had never been to sea, and that he was now either sea-sick or sea-scared. This explanation had hitherto satisfied me, and I had thought no more upon the matter. I had scarcely delivered my second barrel, however, when my attention was anew attracted to the dog; and this time was so arrested, that in

one half-second I thought of nothing else. The animal had arisen, and stood within three feet of me, whining hideously. His eyes glared upon me with a wild and unnatural expression, his tongue lolled out, and saliva fell copiously from his lips. *The dog was mad!*

I saw that the dog was mad, as certainly as I saw the dog. I had seen mad dogs before, and knew the symptoms well. It was hydrophobia of the most dangerous character. Fear, quick and sudden, came over me. Fear is a tame word; horror, I should call it; and the phrase would not be too strong to express my sensations at that moment. I knew myself to be in a situation of extreme peril, and I saw not the way out of it. Death—death painful and horrid—appeared to be nigh, appeared to confront me, glaring from out the eyes of the hideous brute.

Instinct had caused me to put myself in an attitude of defence. My first instinct was a false one. I raised my gun, at the same moment manipulating the lock, with the design of cocking her. In the confusion of terror, I had even forgotten that both barrels were empty, that I had just scattered their contents in the sea. I thought of reloading; but a movement of the dog towards me showed that that would be a dangerous experiment; and a third thought or instinct directed me to turn the piece in my hand, and defend myself, if necessary, with the butt. This instinct was instantly obeyed, and in a second's time I held the piece clubbed and ready to strike. I had retreated backward until I stood in the stern of the skiff. The dog had hitherto lain close up to the bow, but, after the shots, he had sprung up and taken a position nearer the centre of the boat. In fact, he had been within biting distance of me before I had noticed his madness. The position, into which I had thus half-involuntarily thrown myself, offered me but a trifling security.

Any one who has ever rowed an American skiff will remember that these little vessels are "crank" to an extreme degree. Although boat-shaped above, they are without keels, and a rude step will turn them bottom upward in an instant. Even to stand upright in them requires careful balancing; but to fight a mad dog in one, without being bitten, would require the skill and adroitness of an acrobat. With all my caution, as I half-stood, half-crouched in the stern, the skiff rocked from side to side, and I was in danger of being pitched out. Should the dog spring at me, I knew that any violent exertion to fend him off would either cause me to be precipitated into the water or would upset the boat—a still more dreadful alternative. These thoughts did not occupy half the time I have taken to describe them. Short, however, as that time was in actual duration, to me it seemed long enough, for

the dog still held a threatening attitude, his forepaws resting upon one of the seats, while his eyes continued to glare upon me with a wild and uncertain expression.

I remained for some moments in fearful suspense. I was half-paralyzed with terror, and uncertain what action it would be best to take. I feared that any movement would attract the fierce animal, and be the signal for him to spring upon me. I thought of jumping out of the skiff into the water. I could not wade in it. It was shallow enough—not over five feet in depth, but the bottom appeared to be of soft mud. I might sink another foot in the mud. No; I could not have waded. The idea was dismissed. To swim to the shore! I glanced sideways in that direction: it was nearly half a mile distant. I could never reach it, cumbered with my clothes. To have stripped these off, would have tempted the attack. Even could I have done so, might not the dog follow, and seize me in the water! A horrible thought!

I abandoned all hope of escape, at least that might arise from any active measures on my part. I could do nothing to save myself; my only hope lay in passively awaiting the result. Impressed with this idea, I remained motionless as a statue; I moved neither hand nor foot from the attitude I had first assumed; I scarcely permitted myself to breathe, so much did I dread attracting the further attention of my terrible companion, and interrupting the neutrality that existed.

For some minutes—they seemed hours—this state of affairs continued. The dog still stood up, with his forepaws raised upon the bench; the oars were among his feet. In this position he remained, gazing wildly, though it did not appear to me steadily, in my face. Several times I thought he was about to spring on me; and, although I carefully avoided making any movement, I instinctively grasped my gun with a firmer hold. To add to my embarrassment, I saw that I was fast drifting seaward! The wind was from the shore; it was impelling the boat with considerable velocity, in consequence of the mass of bushes acting as sails. Already it had cleared the sedge, and was floating out in open water. To my dismay, at less than a mile's distance, I descried a line of breakers! A side-glance was sufficient to convince me, that, unless the skiff was checked, she would drift upon these in the space of ten minutes. A fearful alternative now presented itself: I must either drive the dog from the oars, or allow the skiff to be swamped among the breakers. The latter would be certain death, the former offered a chance for life; and, nervously myself with the palpable necessity for action, I instantly resolved to make the attack.

Whether the dog had read my intention in

my eyes, or observed my fingers taking a firmer clutch of my gun, I know not, but at this moment he seemed to evince sudden fear, and, dropping down from the seat, he ran backward to the bow, and cowered down as before. My first impulse was to get hold of the oars, for the roar of the breakers already filled my ears. A better idea suggested itself immediately after, and that was to load my gun. This was a delicate business, but I set about it with all the caution I could command. I kept my eyes fixed upon the animal, and felt the powder, the wadding, and the shot, into the muzzle. I succeeded in loading one barrel, and fixing the cap. As I had now something upon which I could rely, I proceeded with more confidence, and loaded the second barrel with greater care, the dog eyeing me all the while. Had madness not obscured his intelligence, he would no doubt have interrupted my manipulations; as it was, he remained still until both barrels were loaded, capped, and cocked. I had no time to spare; the breakers were nigh; their hoarse "sough" warned me of their perilous proximity: a minute more, and the little skiff would be dancing among them like a shell, or sunk forever. Not a moment was to be lost, and yet I had to proceed with caution. I dared not raise the gun to my shoulder—I dared not glance along the barrels: the manœuvre might rouse the dangerous brute. I held the piece low, slanting along my thighs, *I guided the barrels with my mind, and, feeling the direction to be true, I fired.* I scarcely heard the report, on account of the roaring of the sea; but I saw the dog roll over, kicking violently. I saw a livid patch over his ribs, where the shot had entered in a clump. This would no doubt have proved sufficient; but, to make sure, I raised the gun to my shoulder, took aim, and sent the contents of the second barrel through the ribs of the miserable brute. His kicking ended almost instantly, and he lay dead in the bottom of the boat.

I dropped my gun and flew to the oars: it was a close "shave;" the skiff was already in white water, and dancing like a feather; but with a few strokes I succeeded in backing her out, and, then heading her away from the breakers, I pulled in a direct line for the shore. I thought not of my canvas-backs—they had floated, by this time, I neither knew nor cared whither: the sharks might have them for me. My only care was to get away from the scene as quickly as possible, determined never again to go duck-shooting with a cur for my companion.

From Household Words.

QUICKSILVER.

HALF the world knows that the quicksilver mine of Almaden, sixteen miles north of

Seville, is the finest that exists. Its annual produce is twice as great as that of all the mines of the same kind in Carniola, Hungary, the Palatine and Peru put together. Almaden therefore is worth visiting. The place has its own traffic, and no other. There is no high road in its neighborhood, and the quicksilver raised is carried by muleteers to the government stores of Seville, where only it may be distributed; not being delivered at the mine to any purchaser. The muleteers take to Almaden wood, gunpowder, provisions and all necessities; and thus the town lives and supports its eight thousand inhabitants. It is built chiefly in the form of one very long street, on the ridge of a hill, over the mine, which in every sense forms the foundation upon which it stands. It used to be under the care of a sleepy old hidalgo of a governor, but it is now controlled by a scientific officer entitled the superintendent, and there is a good deal of vigor and practical sense displayed in the arrangements of the place. There is a town-hall in Almaden, a well-endowed school, and a hospital for the diseases of the miners.

The diseased forms of the men working as excavators belong only too prominently to a picture of Almaden. You meet men in the street with wasted faces, fetid breaths, and trembling hands; blind, paralytic. The heat in the lower workings of the mine is very considerable, the ventilation is imperfect, vapor of quicksilver floats upon the air, and condenses on the walls, down which it trickles in little runlets of pure liquid metal. Even visitors are sensibly affected by it, and retain for some time the metallic flavor in their mouths. The miners—who number more than four thousand—are divided into three gangs, or watches, working six hours each, and leaving the fourth six hours of the twenty-four—from ten at night until four in the morning—as an interval of perfect rest. On account of the heat, and the deleterious nature of the vapor, summer is made the idle time, winter the great period of activity among the population. As the winter closes, the appearance of the miners begins very emphatically to tell its own tale, and great numbers hasten to their native plains and mountains to recruit.

Their homes are chiefly scattered about Estremadura, Andalusia and Portugal. Crowds of Portuguese, after harvest, flock to obtain employment at Almaden, selling not their labor only but their health. The most robust cannot work in the mine longer than for about fourteen days in succession, generally eight or nine days make as long a period of such labor as can be endured without rest. Those who exceed that time are obliged eventually to give up work and breathe unadulterated air for perhaps two months together. If they work without due precaution, and almost inevitably if they indulge in wine, miners at

Almaden aged between twenty-five and thirty waste away, lose hair and teeth, acquire an insufferable breath, or become sometimes afflicted with tremblings that render them unable to supply their own wants; they have to be fed like infants. If the disease be not checked vigorously, cramps and nervous attacks of the most agonizing kind follow upon these symptoms and lead on to death. They who work within due bounds, and live moderately, using a good deal of milk, if they take care always to cleanse their persons thoroughly after each six hours of work — the full day's labor — live not seldom to old age. These diseases afflict the miners only. The men engaged upon the ore and quicksilver outside the mines, in smelting and in other operations, do not suffer.

Storehouses, magazines, and workshops, are the leading features of the little town. Everything manufactured that is used — even to the ropes — is made upon the spot; and the workshops, like the whole engineering details of the mine itself, are planned in an unusually massive way, and carved out of the solid rock. The quicksilver mine belongs to the crown (under which it is let out in four-year leases to contractors rich enough to pay a very large deposit), and its details are all somewhat of a legal character. There used to be disasters frequently occasioned by the sinking of the works, and by fires. The last fire raged for upwards of two years and a half. The employment of wood, except for temporary purposes, has therefore been abandoned, and magnificent arched galleries of stone are built through every one of the new cuttings. The deposits are almost vertical; and great pains are taken to supply the void left by the removed ore, with a sufficiently strong body of masonry. Half the ore is, however, everywhere left standing as a reserve in case of any future accidents; and the whole yearly supply drawn from the mine is limited to twenty thousand quintals. This supply is drawn by mule power from the bowels of the hill through a grand shaft constructed on the usual impressive scale. There is not much trouble given by water in the mine. What water there is has to be pumped up by means of an engine built for the place by Watt himself, which would be a valuable curiosity in a museum.

The ore lies, as I have said, in a lode, almost perpendicular. There are three veins of it, called respectively St. Nicholas, St. Francisco, and St. Diego, which traverse the length of the hill and intersect it vertically; at the point where they converge galleries connect them all together. The thickness of the lode varies between fourteen and sixteen feet; it is much thicker where the veins intersect, and seems to be practically inexhaustible; for as the shaft deepens, the ore grows richer both in quality

and quantity. The yield consists of a compact gray quartz, impregnated with cinnabar and red lead. Associated with it, is a conglomerate called by the miners *Fraylesca*, because in color it resembles the blue gray of the familiar cassock worn by *frayles* (friars) of the Franciscan order.

The chief entrance to the mine is out of the town, on the hill-side, facing the south, the town itself being on the hill-top. The main adit leads by a gallery to the first ladder, and by galleries and very steep ladders the descent afterwards continues to be made. Though the mine is one of the very oldest in the world — the oldest I believe of any kind that still continues to be worked — the workings up to this time have not penetrated deeper than a thousand feet.

The quicksilver is procured out of the ore by sublimation over brick furnaces about five feet in height, and as the furnaces are fed with the wood of *cistus* and other aromatic shrubs, this part of the process is extremely grateful to the senses. There are thirteen double furnaces and two quadruple ones, partly erected at Almaden, partly at *Almadenejos* — Little Almaden — in the neighborhood. The minerals, having been sorted, are placed in the chambers over the furnaces according to their quality in different proportions and positions, the best at the bottom. The whole mass, piled upon open arches in the form of a dome, is then roofed over with soft bricks made of kneaded clay and fine particles of sulphuret of mercury, a free space of about eighteen inches being left between the ore and roof, in which the vapor can collect and circulate. The mercurial vapor finally conducted along stoneware tubes luted together, condensing as it goes, is deposited in gutters, which conduct it across the masonry of a terrace into cisterns prepared to receive it. The quicksilver there carefully collected is then put into jars of wrought iron, weighing about sixteen pounds apiece, and each holding about twenty-five pounds English of the finished produce of the mines.

As for the antiquity of the mine at Almaden, that is immense. Pliny says, that the Greeks had vermillion from it seven hundred years B.C., and that the Romans in his day were obtaining from it ten thousand pounds of cinnabar yearly, for use in their paintings. The working of the mine fell of course into abeyance in the Dark Ages, but was resumed at some time in the fifteenth century. After the expulsion of the Moors the mine was given as a present to the religious knights of *Calatrava*, and it reverted finally to the crown more than three centuries ago.

The present workings are not quite on the old spot. *Fugger Brothers*, of Augsburg, farmed it out in those past days, and having drawn a fortune out of it, by which they

became a byword for wealth ("Rich as a Fucar," say the Spanish miners still), they gave up their lease as worthless. Government could make nothing of the mine, and therefore caused the ground to be attentively explored. The extraordinary deposit upon which the miners now are operating was in that way discovered.

From Punch.

"ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS."

A BRIDE. — Do not distress yourself. Very likely he loves you sincerely, and his winking at the bridesmaid might be mere accident — the whisper was probably to tell her how pretty you looked — and the pressure of her hand gratitude for her ready acknowledgment of it. Even the note may be explained; it was the address to which she is to forward some present for you. Never worry yourself about trifles — you have married him, and she is cut out. Go on your tour rejoicing.

ANXIOUS JEMIMA. — There is no rule as to the number of clergymen requisite at a wedding. One able-bodied clerk in orders can do all that is necessary. The "assisting" system is a ridiculous custom, introduced by the Puseyites, by way of assimilating the ceremony to that of Rome. At the same time, we admit that a clergyman has a hard duty to perform in managing some couples, and it is probably in these cases that he calls in extra hands. Look at the announcements with that idea in your mind.

THEATRICAL (Ebury Street). — We shall be happy to read all your thirty-four plays, and, having done so, recommend them to such managers as they may best suit. There will be no difficulty about money, but we shall be happy to make any advance you may require while the plays are in rehearsal. One hundred guineas an act is the lowest price paid at any Metropolitan theatre.

BISMILLAH. — Turkey is certainly in Europe, but there is also a Turkey in Asia. There are doubtless wild turkeys in America. But we suspect that some one has been hoaxing you about the four Turkeys. To your second inquiry, about "the directest way for you to become a Member of Parliament" (usually spelt Parliament), we reply that you had better commence by an educational process, which you cannot take up at too early a stage.

SAUCY LIZZY. — The best cosmetic is health. Rise early, take exercise, read *Punch*, and be asleep before dark, and you will not need "washes," which, as the *Vicar of Wakefield* says, do no end of mischief. But if you must use anything of the kind, a little cantharides and mustard, rubbed into a paste with turpentine, laid on over night, and the face washed

with sulphuric acid in the morning, will probably produce an alteration. But, Lizzy, on no account use it unless made up by a chemist.

AFFECTIONATE EMMA. — Your "Lines to My Little Brother (aged 23), on his accidentally Sitting down on some Stinging Nettles," have point and pensiveness, but scarcely sufficient interest for the general reader. Still we hope your brother is better.

ROSE AND MATILDA. — Very much ashamed of both of you. To write to two officers whom you do not know, making them offers of marriage, might, under certain circumstances, be defended. But to tie your letters to the necks of two kittens, and to fling the inoffensive creatures in at the military party's windows, was contrary to all etiquette. Pray abstain from such demonstrations, if you wish us to think you ladies.

THE GRAVE OF ETHAN ALLEN. — About a mile and a half north-east of the railroad depot in Burlington, upon the brow of the hill overlooking the lower falls of the Winooski river, is a little cemetery of one or two acres, called Green Mount. Here lie the mortal remains of the fearless mountaineer who captured Ticonderoga in the name and by the authority of the "Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." His grave is covered by a plain slab of gray marble, upon which is the following inscription:

The
Corporal Part
of
GEN'L ETHAN ALLEN
rests beneath this stone,
the 12th day of Feb., 1789,
aged 50 years.

His spirit tried the mercies of his God,
In whom he believed, and strongly trusted.

The spot where Allen rests is enclosed by granite posts and iron chains, shaded thickly by a vigorous growth of young pines, and overgrown with spreading bushes of the rose and the shrubs.

CHARADE.

WHEN my suit I so tenderly pressed,
O! how, in your cruel reply,
Could a word so unkind be expressed,
As my first, to your slave till I die!

Do I game, do I drink, or give way
In thought, word, or deed that you know,
To my second's all powerful sway?
Believe me, my charmer, O no!

I'm my whole, I confess in despair,
Then, friends, a kind lesson impart,
You, who know how to court any fair,
Give me a few hints in the art!

From Household Words.

SICK GRAPES.

For two years the country round Naples has been suffering from the Vine malady. Not only husbandmen but proprietors have become indigent, and there is no hope of improvement. The promise in spring was good. Many vines, it is true, had died off during the winter, but those which remained, as if last year's attack had not impaired their vigor, gave out their leaves as gay and green as ever, sent forth their branches long and strong, and hung out their wealth of fruit most tempting to the eye. The aspect of things is now, however, entirely changed; and so thorough is the ruin, that, whilst people, sober as well as thirsty, are considering what beverage to substitute, the priests declare that it will be necessary to send out of the country for pure wine; the very purest being required for the right performance of the offices of their religion.

Looking out from my windows as I now do on most lovely scenery, and on land which generally at this season of the year is teeming with the rich promise of the grape, nothing can be more melancholy than its present appearance. Winds from the Dead Sea might have swept over it and blasted it, so withered are the trees. But, instead of dealing in generalities, I will enter into details as to the origin and progress of the malady. The first perceptible symptom of the coming disease was a certain loss of vigor in some of the vine leaves; they hung down like so many pieces of green silk, so flaccid had they become: my impression at first was that they were suffering from a hot sirocco; but, as there was no revival, it was very evident what had come upon them. From tree to tree the malady extended with incredible rapidity of infection: so rapid, that one could almost see its progress, until whole plantations appeared as if they were suffering from dearth of water. About the same time, the backs of the leaves became white, as if covered by a fine cobweb or finer flour; and then they withered up like a scroll, and I plucked them from the vines and crumpled them into powder with my hands, like a last year's leaf which had been spared by the storms of winter. The next phase of the disease was a change in the surface of the new shoots, which were marked like the marks on a human face of the small pox; small brown and red pustules covered each branch, and will no doubt remain; as they do, upon the old wood which was similarly affected last year.

No sooner had the grapes attained the size of a pin's head than many of them lost all vigor, and dried to a powder. Such as remained had just strength enough to blossom — at all times a very trying season for the

grape — and then for the most part withered, whilst the bunches which still struggled on are covered with what to the naked eye appears a very fine flour. Flip them, and a cloud falls off, without, however, in the slightest degree relieving the plant. Their fate will be doubtless that of the fruit which lingered on last year until the end of the season. As they attain their natural size, the juice will all flow out; leaving nothing but the skin and seeds, which become as hard as stones. There is, therefore, less reason for hope this year than there was last. In eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the produce of wine was one-seventh or one-eighth of what it usually has been, and that was above the average; this year it will be much less, and will probably fall to zero. One most provoking feature of the disease is, that it will force itself upon the attention of more than one sense; for so strong and offensive is the odor, that the air around a vineyard is impregnated with it. As all the wine made last year was made — even the best — of infected grapes, and was therefore of an inferior quality, great fears were entertained at first that it might prove prejudicial to public health, and orders were issued to destroy the most diseased grapes; but, as the malady spread more rapidly and extensively than was expected, the precaution, I suppose, was deemed the greater evil of the two, and people were permitted to poison themselves if they chose. The wine, however, has proved perfectly innocuous. I do not know whether the following facts will have any novelty in them; yet, as they are the result of close observation during the last two years, I will communicate them, if only to swell the mass of information which has been gathered on so widely interesting a subject.

It has been a common prejudice in this neighborhood — *che l'aria la porta* — that the air brings the malady — and whilst some have placed their hopes of relief in heavy rains, others have as confidently prayed for hot suns. I have never, however, perceived that any change of wind, or weather, or temperature, has arrested the malady. It has ever pursued its sure and silent course, unaffected by climatic influences, and baffling all speculations as to its character. Then, as to the vines themselves, an interesting question has arisen as to which species have suffered most, and in what position. With us, near Naples, the black grape has been damaged much more than the white, and especially the rich and deeply colored grape, called here the "*Alainico*." In conformity with the great law of nature, the old vine succumbed the soonest — many of my older trees have died, and many are dying, whilst the young plants are, by comparison, looking tolerably vigorous. Position has much affected the condition of

the vines: those which grew on high grounds — very nearly all of them — escaped last year's attack, whilst those in low grounds not only have suffered the most, but have been attacked the first. Ventilation, in fact, has much to do with the health of the plant; yet it is a contradictory fact, that the fruit on the lower branches, and nearest the ground, has invariably preserved its healthy state the longest, and in many instances has survived the malady. Either it found there more shelter, and a cooler atmosphere, or it imbibed more moisture from the soil.

The vines in "terra grassa," in a rich soil, have suffered much more than those which grow in a scanty and stony soil. When their roots have had an opportunity of twining themselves around rocks, they have continued in a much healthier state, and have produced some small quantity of wine.

A paper on the vine malady might perhaps, not unreasonably, be expected to treat of remedies; but the Italians of the south of Italy, at least, are a "lascia fare" people — as fatalistic as Turks. Practically, they throw all thought for the future on Heaven; leave everything to their saints, as if it was no business of their own. Thus, in a firm belief in Divine Providence, they find excuses for their indolence. Tell them that the harvest has failed, they answer, *Lascia far Dio*; or hint at approaching starvation, they lift their finger to heaven and, with impassible resignation, exclaim, *Dio ci pensa*. Of remedies, therefore, I have nothing to say. A priest close to me, more enterprising than the rest, has burnt sulphur and pitch under his trees without any perceptible good effect. I have barked mine, and cut the roots near the surface. I have thrown ammonia and the refuse of stalls strongly diluted, and lime-water, over the leaves and the fruit; yet they fade and die; so that, having exhausted the vine pharmacopoeia, I am half inclined to become Turk or Italian myself.

Of course so great a physical change in the vegetable world must necessarily produce corresponding effects on agriculture, and on the character and the habits of the people. Already the vine can be said to have perished from the earth. Landlords have been planting the mulberry largely; it brings a speedy and safe return; and, as its history shows, is adapted to any climate or soil. Moreover, it entails no expense in the cultivation. Italy therefore — already a large silk-growing country — will, in those districts where mulberry plantations are so much more extensively introduced, grow much more silk; and thus, if a new art be not introduced, an old one will be much more extended. Great agricultural changes will be effected, too, in seeking to find a substitute for wine. Some have talked of introducing hops, but the experiment in

this climate would, I think, be more than uncertain. It is more probable that, if the malady continues, the apple and pear will be more widely cultivated; and that the Neapolitan, before long, will be drinking his bottle of cider or perry. At present, however, there is a pause in the drinking of the people. They are by necessity a large Temperance Society, much against their will, and ready to violate their pledges as soon as ever they can get anything to drink. Not that the Italians are an intemperate people, although, to say the truth, they often hover about the frontiers of drunkenness, especially on a Sunday afternoon, when, as it is prohibited in the little place where I am now staying, to fish or gain a supper for their families on Saturday evenings or Sunday mornings, they dissipate ten suppers in the wine shop in drinking and gambling; which latter vice is carried to a great extreme.

From the Examiner.

History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles. By LORD MAHON. Vol. V. Third Edition. Revised. Murray.

THIS volume of Lord Mahon's popular edition of his *History* embraces the eleven somewhat stormy years between 1763 and 1774, and has been noticed by us so recently in its original shape that we have only now to remark its careful revision, and the fresh notes here and there subjoined. But, referred by one of these to an appendix for new matter connected with the Junius discussion, we found a hitherto unpublished letter of Mr. Macaulay's on the Lord Lyttelton theory propounded in the *Quarterly Review*, which the reader will thank us for quoting. We give it with the introduction of Lord Mahon, and with a portion of the very valuable comment on the evidence for Francis, which the noble historian appends to the letter.

I have also been so fortunate as to obtain the kind consent of both parties concerned to publish the following letter addressed, since my first edition of this volume, by Mr. Macaulay to the son and successor of Sir James' correspondent. First, however, let me insert the passage in the "Quarterly Review" (clxxix.) to which Mr. Macaulay's main observations are directed.

We may remark that Junius does not seem to have had that sort of minute official information which Francis must certainly have been possessed of. In his correspondence with Sir William Draper, Junius evidently expecting to catch him in *flagrante delicto* writes in his most emphatic manner:—

"The last and most important question remains. When you receive your half-pay do you, or do you not, take a solemn oath, or sign a declaration upon honor to the following effect—*that you do not actually hold any place of profit, civil or military,*

under his Majesty? The charge which this question plainly conveys against you is of so shocking a complexion that I sincerely wish you may be able to answer it well, not merely for the color of your reputation, but for your own inward peace of mind."

Contrary to the anticipation of Junius, Sir William Draper is able to make a triumphant reply:—

"I have a very short answer for Junius' important question: I do not either take an oath, or declare upon honor, that I have no place of profit, civil or military, when I receive the half-pay as an Irish colonel. My most gracious sovereign gives it me as a pension; he was pleased to think I deserved it."

Had Junius been Francis, he must have known, as first clerk in the war office, the exact facts of Sir William's position; and of course would not have made an attack which could so easily be repelled.

RIGHT HON. T. B. MACAULAY TO JOHN MURRAY,
ESQ.

Albany, January 3, 1852.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for the new number of the "Quarterly Review." I cannot say that it has shaken my opinion. I wonder indeed that so ingenious a person as the reviewer should think that his objections have made any impression on the vast mass of circumstantial evidence which proves Francis to have been Junius. That evidence, I think, differs not only in degree, but in kind, from any evidence which can be adduced for any other claimant.

It seems to me too that one-half of the arguments of the reviewer is answered by the other half. First, we are told that Francis did not write the letters, because it would have been singularly infamous in him to write them. Then, we are told that he did not write them because he did not own them. Surely this reasoning does not hang well together. Is it strange that a very proud man should not confess what would disgrace him? I have always believed that Francis kept silence because he was well known to have received great benefits from persons whom he had as Junius or as *Veteran* abused with great malignity.

It is odd that the reviewer should infer from the mistake about Draper's half-pay that Junius could not have been in the war office. I talked that matter over more than ten years ago, when I was secretary at war, with two of the ablest and best informed gentlemen in the department; and we all three came to a conclusion the very opposite of that at which the reviewer has arrived. Francis was chief clerk in the English war office. Everybody who drew half-pay through that office made the declaration which Junius mentions. But Draper's half-pay was on the Irish establishment; and of him the declaration was not required. Now, to me and to those whom I consulted, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Francis, relying on his official knowledge, and not considering that there might be a difference between the practice at Dublin and the practice at Westminster, should put that unlucky question which gave Draper so great an advantage. I

have repeatedly pointed out this circumstance to men who are excellent judges of evidence, and I never found one who did not agree with me.

It is not necessary for me to say anything about the new theory which the reviewer has constructed. Lord Lyttelton's claims are better than those of Burke or Barré, and quite as good as those of Lord George Sackville, or Single-speech Hamilton. But the case against Francis, or, if you please, in favor of Francis, rests on grounds of a very different kind, and on coincidences such as would be sufficient to convict a murderer.

There is, however, one strong objection to the theory of the reviewer which strikes me at the first glance. Junius, whoever he was, wrote a long letter to George Grenville, which was preserved at Stowe many years, and of which I have seen a copy in Lord Mahon's possession. The letter contains no decisive indications of the writer's situation. But, on the whole, it seems to be written by a man not very high in rank or fortune. The tone, though not by any means abject, is that of an inferior. The author declares himself to be the writer of a squib, then famous, called "The Grand Council." He says that Grenville must soon be prime minister. "Till then I wish to remain concealed even from you; then I will make myself known, and explain what I wish you to do for me." I quote from memory; but this is the substance. The original I have not seen: but I am told that it is the handwriting of Junius' letters.

Now this circumstance seems to me decisive against Lord Lyttelton. He was George Grenville's cousin. The connection between the Stowe family and the Hagly family had, during two generations, been extremely close. Is it probable that George Grenville would not have known Lyttelton's hand? Is it possible that a letter written by Lyttelton should have lain at Stowe eighty years, and that none of the cousinhood should have been struck by the writing?

But in truth the strongest arguments against the reviewer's theory are, the arguments which in my opinion prove that Francis was the author of the letters.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your faithful servant,

T. B. MACAULAY.

In addition to these valuable remarks of Mr. Macaulay, I will venture here somewhat further to elucidate the brief statement on two or three other points in my text.

First as to the hand-writing. In the fourth volume of the Chatham correspondence will be found fac similes of some words from Junius ranged in alphabetical order, and side by side with the same, or nearly the same, words from the acknowledged writings of Sir Philip Francis. It may there be seen on close comparison that the difference is only as between an upright and a slanting hand; the formation of the capital letters being in each case, and in all respects, the very same. There is also in both the same habit of combining by a line some of the shorter words.

From other passages admitting of more extended observation, Mr. Taylor has been able to deduce that both writers appear equally unwilling to break a word at the end of a line, preferring instead of it to leave a great space; often with them filled up by a flourish of the pen, as is usual in law writings, but not usual in any other. Both are very careful of punctuation, not neglecting even the commas when required, to a degree very seldom to be found in MSS. Both agree in some minute peculiarities of spelling; as "endeavor," for "endeavour," "in-hance," for "enhance," and "risque," for "risk."

Secondly, as to Lord Holland. That nobleman, considering his line of politics, was one of the most obvious marks for Junius to assail. Few men of that time were more open to attack. Few men had less of popular favor to shield them. Yet, by a most remarkable anomaly in Junius' career, Lord Holland was on all occasions designedly spared by that writer. In one of his private letters to Woodfall he goes so far as to say: "I wish Lord Holland may acquit himself with honor." And when he believed Lord Holland's son to have written against him anonymously in the newspapers, he does not strike blow for blow (as who could more readily?) but merely, under another name, throws out this public warning: "Whether Lord Holland be invulnerable, or whether Junius should be wantonly provoked, are questions worthy the *Black Boy's* (Charles Fox's) consideration." No theories then as to the authorship of Junius can be complete or satisfactory which do not supply some adequate explanation of this remarkable anomaly. In very few of these theories is any such explanation even attempted. In none is it so clear and plain as in the case of Philip Francis, Lord Holland having been the early patron both of his father and himself. . . . With respect to Lady Francis, it has been said to diminish the force of her testimony as published by Lord Campbell, that the vanity which was the ruling principle of Sir Philip's mind might easily induce him to accredit, though not expressly to affirm, the rumor of his being the "Great Unknown." But let the reader weigh the following statement. Lady Francis says of her husband, "His first gift after our marriage was an edition of Junius, which he bid me take to my room and not let it be seen or speak on the subject, and his posthumous present which his son found in his bureau was 'Junius Identified' (as Sir Philip Francis), sealed up and directed to me." The marriage gift might pass on the score of vanity; but the "posthumous present" is not to be so lightly dismissed. To suppose that Sir Philip bequeathed such a book under such circumstances, he not being in truth the author of Junius, is to heap a most heavy imputation on his memory. It is to accuse him of imparting a falsehood, as it was, from beyond the grave.

Such is a part, and only a part, of the "vast mass of circumstantial evidence," as Mr. Macaulay, in his letter, truly terms it, "which proves Francis to have been Junius." It is no doubt far more gratifying for any writers on this ques-

tion to set forth each for himself a new and striking theory, than merely, without the smallest claim of original discovery, or any hope of honor thence arising, to follow as I have done in the footsteps of another. But I will presume to assert, with all possible respect for those who have arrived at a different conclusion, that this "vast mass of evidence" is not to be shaken, far less subverted, by passing over its main features in silence, and by only seeking (as with more or less success is in general attempted) to trace here and there scattered analogies and points of vague resemblance between Junius and some other person of his time. M.

Mr. Macaulay's letter is excellent, though we confess it surprises us that he should make even the concession he does to a theory that seems to us to have fewer rational supports than any other even of the Junius extravagances. The Draper point is so happily turned by Mr. Macaulay, that hereafter it must undoubtedly be held as an important addition to the proof. The supposed secret of Francis' silence we formerly ourselves insisted on very strongly, in connection with his cruel attacks on such men as Welbore Ellis, to whom he was certainly under very great personal obligations.

Lord Mahon's argument as to Lord Holland is ingeniously put, but to give it anything like the solid weight claimed for it, it should be shown, we think, that something beyond a mere general temptation to attack had been resisted; for it is to be remembered that Lord Holland was not in power at any time during the publication of the letters.

As to Lady Francis' evidence, making all allowance for the fact that she only knew her husband in the later years of his life, and was too young to have any personal knowledge of the events in which he had taken part as a public man, it must be admitted to be at least decisive of the desire of Francis himself to be regarded (after death) as having written the letters. What effect this should have upon the general evidence depends solely on the view taken of Francis' character.

We do not quote what Lord Mahon says of style and handwriting, thinking this kind of proof extremely fallible. Indeed, if inferences derivable from similarity of style were to be held unassailable, we should think the authorship of Junius settled by that of the authorship of a *Letter to a Brigadier General* published ten years before. Nothing nearly so remarkable in that respect has yet been produced — and we can offer no stronger testimony of our faith in *Junius Identified*, which, upon the whole, we find to have survived all the many ingenious surmises of recent critics, than that, knowing Francis could not have written both the *Letter to the Brigadier* and the *Letters of Junius*, we yet believe the last to be his production.

From the Examiner.

The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Vol. III. Chapman and Hall.

THE third volume of this most welcome republication contains the three closing books of the writer's *opus magnum* as a poet, *King Arthur*, and a collection of minor poems whereof a large part (in our judgment also the best part) is entirely new.

Of these the most satisfactory account that we can give will perhaps be afforded by extracting some specimens entire. Such is their character and beauty that to quote them will certainly to the reader be the pleasantest mode of recommending them. Among these shorter lyrics we find the last and not the least striking evidences of the poet's genius, of the thinker's intellectual activity. The more mature among them are collected into two books under the title of *Corn-flowers*, the title being interpreted by a brief motto.

The Corn-flower opens as the sheaves are ripe.
Song is the twin of golden Contemplation,
The Harvest-flower of life.

We are thus prepared for the grave and thoughtful air of the most part of these charming poems, and we find in them also a singular delicacy and variety of rhythm and musical expression. Hardly two are alike in the form of the verse, but fancy and feeling are richly displayed in all, and in a few referring to classical subjects the scholar declares himself equally with the poet in their learned felicity and imaginative subtlety of allusion.

The first that we shall quote is called

THE PILGRIM.

Wearily flaggeth my Soul in the Desert ;

Wearily, wearily.

Sand, ever sand, not a gleam of the fountain ;
Sun, ever sun, not a shade from the mountain ;
Wave after wave flows the sea of the Desert,
Dreadfully, dreadfully.

Life dwelt with life in my far native valleys,

Nightly and daily ;

Labor had brothers to aid and beguile :

A tear for my tear, and a smile for my smile ;
And the sweet human voices rang out ; — and the valleys

Echoed them gayly.

Under the almond-tree, once in the spring-time,
Careless reclining ;

The sigh of my Leila was hushed on my breast,
As the note of the last bird had died in its nest ;
Calm looked the stars on the buds of the spring-time,

Calm — but how shining !

Below on the herbage there darkened a shadow ;
Stirred the boughs o'er me ;

Dropped from the almond-tree, sighing, the blossom ;

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Trembling the maiden sprang up from my bosom ;
Then the step of a stranger came mute thro' the shadow,

Pausing before me.

He stood gray with age in the robe of a Dervise,
As a king awe-compelling ;
And the cold of his eye like the diamond was bright,

As if years from the hardness had fashioned the light,

" A draught from thy spring for the way-weary Dervise,

And rest in thy dwelling."

And my herds gave the milk, and my tent gave the shelter ;

And the stranger spell-bound me

With his tales, all the night, of the far world of wonder,

Of the ocean of Oman with pearls gleaming under ;
And I thought, " O how mean are the tent's simple shelter

And the valleys around me !"

I seized as I listened, in fancy, the treasures

By Afrites concealed ;

Scared the serpents that watch in the ruins afar
O'er the hoards of the Persian in lost Chil-Menar ;
Alas ! till that night happy youth had more treasures

Than Ormus can yield.

Morn came, and I went with my guest thro' the gorges

In the rock hollowed ;

The flocks bleated low as I passed them ungrieving,
The almond-buds strewed the sweet earth I was leaving ;

Slowly went Age thro' the gloom of the gorges,
Lightly Youth followed.

We won through the Pass — the Unknown lay before me,

Sun-lighted and wide ;

Then I turned to my guest, but how languid his tread,
And the awe I had felt in his presence was fled,
And I cried, " Can thy age in the journey before me

Still keep by my side ?"

" Hope and Wisdom soon part ; be it so," said the Dervise,

" My mission is done."

As he spoke, came the gleam of the crescent and spear,

Chimed the bells of the camel more sweet and more near —

" Go, and march with the Caravan, youth," sighed the Dervise,

" Fare thee well !" — he was gone.

What profits to speak of the wastes I have traversed

Since that early time ?

One by one the procession replacing the guide,
Have dropped on the sands, or have strayed from my side ;

And I hear never more in the solitudes traversed
The camel-bell's chime.

How oft have I yearned for the old happy valley !
 But the sands have no track ;
 He who scorned what was near must advance to
 the far,
 Who forsaketh the land-mark must march by the
 star,
 And the steps that once part from the peace of
 the valley
 Can never come back.

So on, ever on, spreads the path of the Desert,
 Wearily, wearily ;
 Sand, ever sand — not a gleam of the fountain ;
 Sun, ever sun — not a shade from the mountain ;
 As a sea on a sea, flows the width of the Desert,
 Drearly, drearily.

How narrow content, and how infinite knowl-
 edge !
 Lost vale, and lost maiden !
 Enclosed in the garden the mortal was blest ;
 A world with its wonders lay round him unquest ;
 That world was his own when he tasted of knowl-
 edge —
 Was it worth Aden ?

The two following are also in melancholy
 strain, and set to as delicate though different
 music.

TO A WITHERED TREE IN JUNE.

Desolate tree ! why are thy branches bare ?
 What hast thou done
 To win strange winter from the summer air,
 Frost from the sun ?

Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year
 Unto the herd ;
 Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
 Home to the bird.

And ever once, the earliest of the grove,
 Thy smiles were gay,
 Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
 To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings
 Around thee gleam ;
 Feaster and darling of the gilded things
 That dwell i' the beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped ;
 How lonely now ! —
 How bird and bee, light parasites, have fled
 The leafless bough !

" Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare ?
 What hast thou done
 To win strange winter from the summer air,
 Frost from the sun ? "

" Never," replied that forest-hermit lone
 (Old truth and endless !)
 " Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
 Are we left friendless.

" Yet wholly, nor for winter nor for storm
 Doth Love depart !
 We are not all forsaken till the worm
 Creeps to the heart !

" Ah naught without, within thee if decay,
 Can heal or hurt thee,
 Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
 Who may desert thee ! "

THE SABBATH

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
 Yet yonder halts the quiet mill ;
 The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
 How motionless and still !

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
 Thy strength the slave of Want may be ;
 The seventh thy limbs escape the chain —
 A God hath made thee free !

Ah, tender as the Law that gave
 This holy respite to the breast,
 To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
 And know — the wheel may rest !

But where the waves the gentlest glide
 What image charms, to lift, thine eyes ?
 The spire reflected on the tide
 Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
 This rest from mortal toils is given ;
 Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth
 And pass — a guest to heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
 Of Power from old dominion hurled,
 When rich and poor, with juster rule,
 Shall share the altered world.

Alas ! since time itself began,
 That fable hath but fooled the hour ;
 Each age that ripens Power in Man,
 But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
 One bright republic shall be known ; —
 Man's world awhile hath surely ceast,
 When God proclaims his own !

Six days may Rank divide the poor,
 O Dives, from thy banquet-hall —
 The seventh the Father opens the door,
 And holds His feast for all !

Whoso would wander pleasantly through a
 garden of such flowers as these, let him betake
 himself to the book, let him go in among the
 sheaves.

Of a different and perhaps higher order in
 thought as well as verse — this appears to us
 very striking.

THE POPE AND THE BEGGAR.

I saw a soul beside the clay it wore,
 When reigned that clay the Hierarch-Sire of
 Rome ;
 A hundred priests stood ranged the bier before,
 Within St. Peter's dome.

And all was incense, solemn dirge, and prayer,
 And still the soul stood sullen by the clay :
 " O soul, why to thy heavenlier native air
 Dost thou not soar away ? "

And the soul answered, with a ghastly frown,
 "In what life loved, death finds its weal or woe ;

Slave to the clay's desires, they drag me down
 To the clay's rot below !"

It spoke, and when Rome's purple ones reposed
 They lowered the corpse ; and downwards from the sun

Both soul and body sunk — and darkness closed
 Over that twofold one.

Without the church, unburied on the ground,
 There lay, in rags, a beggar newly dead ;
 Above the dust no holy priest was found,
 No pious prayer was said.

But round the corpse unnumbered lovely things,
 Hovering unseen by the proud passers by,
 Formed upward, upward, upward, with bright wings,

A ladder to the sky !

"And what are ye, O beautiful ?" "We are,"
 Answered the choral cherubim, "His deeds !"

Then his soul, sparkling sudden as a star,
 Flashed from its mortal weeds,

And, lightly passing, tier on tier along
 The gradual pinions, vanished like a smile !
 Just then, swept by the solemn-visaged throng
 From the Apostle's pile.

"Knew ye this beggar ?" "Knew ! a wretch,
 who died

Under the curse of our good Pope, now gone !"
 "Loved ye that Pope ?" "He was our Church's
 pride,

And Rome's most holy son !"

Then did I muse ; such are men's judgments ;
 blind

In scorn or love ! in what unguessed-of things,
 Desires or Deeds — do rags and purple find
 The fetters or the wings !

Our last quotation shall be the last poem in
 the volume.

EPIGRAPH.

"*Cogito — ergo sum.*"

Self of myself, unto the future age
 Pass, murmuring low whate'er thine own has
 taught,

"I think, and therefore am," — exclaimed the
 Sage,

As now the Man, so henceforth be the page ;
 A life, because a thought.

Through various seas, exploring shores unknown,
 A soul went forth, and here bequeaths its
 chart —

Here Doubt retains the question, Grief the groan,
 And here may Faith still shine, as when she
 shone

And saved a sinking heart.

From the lost nectar-streams of golden youth,
 From rivers loud with Ebel's madding throng,
 From wells whence Lore invokes reluctant Truth,
 And that blest pool the wings of angels smooth,
 Life fills mine urns of song.

Calmly to time I leave these images
 Of things experienced, suffered, felt, and seen,
 Fruits shed or tempest-torn from changeful trees,
 Shells murmuring back the tides in distant seas,
 Signs where a Soul has been.

As for the form Thought takes — the rudest hill
 Echoes denied to gardens back may give ;
 Life speaks in all the forms which Thought can
 fill ;

If Thought once born can perish not — here still
 I think, and therefore live !

Few men have had a better right to use this
 language. There are few men, if any, holding
 a place among the foremost representatives
 of our contemporary literature, who can assert
 effectively so many distinct claims on the
 gratitude of educated readers, or who will
 have left such various vouchers for future and
 lasting remembrance.

THE MANUFACTURE OF FOOD. — In addition to
 the large demand from Australia for all kinds
 of iron implements of labor, there has been
 lately, in this country, a very great increase in
 the manufacture of agricultural labor-saving
 machines of various kinds ; nor is that kind
 of manufacture likely to decrease for some time.
 With increasing scarcity of hands in the rural
 as well as in the manufacturing districts, and
 the present highly remunerative prices of all
 kinds of farm produce, the farmers will be in-
 duced to adopt the latest improvements in the
 cultivation of the soil much more rapidly than
 heretofore. It is but a few years since they
 began to use guano as a fertilizer, although
 Humboldt had called their attention to it nearly
 half a century ago. Considering that they have
 the finest market in the world for all the food
 they can produce, it says little for their skill and
 enterprise that the supplies they furnish should
 fall so far short of the demand as to require an
 average importation of about 20,000,000*l.* worth
 of food annually. Next year they will probably
 reach 40,000,000*l.* ; nearly equal to half the
 declared value of our annual exports of manufac-
 tures. Compared with the production of calicoes,
 broadcloths, and cutlery, the manufacture of
 food, so far as one can judge from price, would
 seem to be only in its infancy. It would be a
 mistake, however, to suppose that the advance
 which has taken place in the price of farm pro-
 duce generally within the last two years has
 arisen from any sensible increase in the cost of
 production. The main cause has been increased
 consumption by the working-classes. Our farm-
 ers seem as if they could not bring the supply
 of any of the articles they produce up to the de-
 mand. — *Spectator.*

It is said that Mr. Francis Wishaw has in-
 vented and patented a new lock, applicable for
 banking purposes, by the employment of electro-
 magnetism ; the lock is opened by breaking a
 magnetic current.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP. — NO. VI.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PROFESSOR HOLMES is distinguished in *matéria medica* as well as in lays and lyrics. He is familiar with the highways and byways of those

Realms unperfumed by the breath of song,
Where flowers ill-flavored shed their sweets
around,

And bitterest roots invade the ungenial ground,
Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom mine,
Whose vineyards flow with antimonial wine,
Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,
Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonian grin * —

and with rare devotion he pursues the sternly prosaic calls of the healing art — unable as his poetic temperament sometimes may be to repress a sigh for the beautiful, or a sonnet on the sublime, and, in passing disgust at the restraints of professional study, to ask himself,

Why dream I here within these caging walls,
Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls ;
Peering and gazing with insatiate looks
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books ? †

But, resisting temptation, and cleaving with full purpose of heart to M.D. mysteries, with leech-like tenacity to the leech's functions, he secures a more stable place in medical annals than many a distinguished medico-literary brother, such as Goldsmith, or Smollett, or Akenside. Nor can the temptation have been slight, to one with so kindly a *penchant* towards the graces of good fellowship, and who can analyze with such sympathetic gusto what he calls "the warm, champagne, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling" — and who may arrogate a special mastery of the

Quaint trick to cram the pithy line,
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine.

Evidently, too, he is perfectly alive to the pleasure and pride of social applause, and accepts the "three times three" of round-table glorification as rightly bestowed. Indeed, in more than one of his *morceaux*, he plumes himself on a certain irresistible power of wagery, and even thinks it expedient to vow never to give his jocosity the full length of its tether, lest its side-shaking violence implicate him in unjustifiable homicide.

His versification is smooth and finished, without being tame or strait-laced. He takes pains with it, because to the poet's paintings 'tis

Verse bestows the varnish and the frame —
and study, and a naturally musical ear, have taught him that

* Urania.

† Astræa.

Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar
Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling car,
Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird
Fast in its place each many-angled word.

In his own "Poetry: a Metrical Essay," he marks how

The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they meet ;
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succession pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore.

His management of the "proud heroic," in serious and sustained efforts, reminds us more of Campbell than any other poet we can name. But it is in that school of graceful *badinage* and piquant satire, represented among ourselves by such writers as Frère, and Spencer, and Mackworth Praed, that Dr. Holmes is most efficient. Too earnest not to be sometimes a grave censor, too thoughtful not to introduce occasionally didactic passages, too humane and genial a spirit to indulge in the satirist's scowl, and sneer, and snappish moroseness, he has the power to be pungent and mordant in sarcasm to an alarming degree, while his will is to temper his irony with so much good-humor, fun, mercurial fancy, and generous feeling, that the more gentle hearts of the more gentle sex pronounce him excellent, and wish only he would leave physic for song.

In some of his poems the Doctor is not without considerable pomp and pretension — we use the terms in no slighting tone. "Poetry: a Metrical Essay," parts of "Terpsichore," "Urania," and "Astræa," "Pittsfield Cemetery," "The Ploughman," and various pieces among the lyrical effusions, are marked by a dignity, precision, and sonorous elevation, often highly effective. The diction occasionally becomes almost too ambitious — verging on the efflorescence of a certain English M. D., ye!pt Erasmus Darwin — so that we now and then pause to make sure that it is not the satirist in his *bravura*, instead of the bard in his solemnity, that we hear. Such passages as the following come without stint :

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they flow ;
If with thy verse thy strength and bloom distil,
Drained by the pulses of the fevered thrill ;
If sound's sweet effluence polarize thy brain,
And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid strain —
Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's bloom,
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's gloom,
Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy line ;
Thy own broad signet stamps thy song divine ! *

Fragments of the Lichfield physician's "Botanic Garden," and "Loves of the Plants," seem recalled — revised and cor-

* Urania.

rected, if you will — in lines where the Boston physician so picturesquely discriminates

The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky blush ;
The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush ;
The green-haired maize, her silken tresses laid,
In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade ;
The gourd that swells beneath her tossing plume ;
The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of bloom —
Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive
With the wide murmurs of the scattered hive ;
The glossy apple with the pencilled streak
Of morning painted on its southern cheek ;
The pear's long necklace, strung with golden drops,
Arched, like the banyan, o'er its hasty props ;
&c.*

Many of the more labored efforts of his muse have an imposing eloquence — rather crude and unchastened, however, and to be ranked perhaps with what himself now calls his "questionable extravagances." To the class distinguished by tenderness of feeling, or a quietly pervading pathos, belong — with varying orders of merit — the touching stanzas entitled "Departed Days," the pensive record of "An Evening Thought," "From a Bachelor's Private Journal," "La Grisette," "The Last Reader," and "A Souvenir." How natural the exclamation in one for the first time conscious of a growing chill in the blood and calmness in the brain, and an ebbing of what *was* the sunny tide of youth :

O, when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss
Burned on my boyish brow,
Was that young forehead worn as this ?
Was that flushed cheek as now ?
Were that wild pulse and throbbing heart
Like these, which vainly strive,
In thankless strains of soulless art,
To dream themselves alive ? †

And again this mournful recognition of life's inexorable onward march, and the "dislimning" of what memory most cherishes :

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore,
Where life's young fountains gleam ;
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea ;
The mist grows dark — the sun goes down —
Day breaks — and where are we ? ‡

An interfusion of this pathetic vein with quaint humor is one of Dr. Holmes' most notable "qualities :—" as in the stanzas called "The Last Leaf," where childhood depicts old age tottering through the streets — contrasting the shrivelled weakness of the de-

crepit man with the well-vouched tradition of his past comeliness and vigor :

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said, —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago, —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring, —
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

These admirable verses — set in so aptly framed a metre too — would alone suffice to make a reputation. In a like spirit, dashed with a few drops of the Thackeray essence, are the lines headed "Questions and Answers," — among the queries and responses being these sarcastic sentimentalisms :

Where, O where are the visions of morning,
Fresh as the dews of our prime ?
Gone, like tenants that quit without warning,
Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile ?
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,
Loving and lovely of yore ?
Look in the columns of old Advertisers, —
Married and dead by the score.

In such alliance of the humorous and fanciful lies a main charm in this writer's productions. Fancy he has in abundance, as he proves on all occasions, grave and gay. Some-

* Pittsfield Cemetery. † An Evening Thought.
‡ Departed Days.

times, indeed, he indulges in similes that may be thought rather curious than felicitous: as where he speaks of the "half-built tower," which, thanks to Howe's artillery,

Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
The iron breast-pin which the "Rebels" threw.*

A steam-boat is likened to a wild nymph, now veiling her shadowy form, while through the storm sounds the beating of her restless heart — now answering,

— like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.†

Gazing into a lady's eyes, he sees a matter of

Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.‡

The Spirit of Beauty he bids

Come from the bowers where summer's life-blood flows
Through the red lips of June's half-open rose.§

In his summary of metrical forms —

The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flushing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airy whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl.||

We are told how

Health flows in the rills,
As their ribands of silver unwind from the hills.†

And again, of a

Stream whose silver-braided rills
Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills.**

In such guise moves the Ariel fancy of the poet. In its more Puck-like, tricky, mirthful mood, it is correspondingly sportive. A comet wanders

Where darkness might be bottled up and sold
for "Tyrian dye."††

Of itinerant musicians — the
Discords sting through Burns and Moore, like
hedgehogs dressed in lace.‡‡

A post-prandial orator of a *prononcé* facetious turn, is warned that —

All the Jack Horners of metrical buns,
Are prying and fingering to pick out the puns.§§

A strayed rustic stares through the wedged crowd,

Where in one cake a throng of faces runs,
All stuck together like a sheet of buns.||||

* Urania. † The Steam-boat. ‡ Stanzas.

§ Pittsfield Cemetery. || Poetry.

† Song for a Temperance Dinner.

** Pittsfield Cemetery. †† The Comet.

‡‡ The Music-grinders. §§ Verses for After Dinner. |||| Terpsichore.

But we are getting Jack-Hornerish, and must forbear; not for lack of plums, though.

The wit and humor, the *vers de société* and the *jeux-d'esprit* of Dr. Holmes, bespeak the gentleman. Not that he is prim or particular, by any means; on the contrary, he loves a bit of racy diction, and has no objection to a sally of slang. Thus, in a lecture on the toilet, he is strict about the article of gloves:

Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
But be a parent, — don't neglect your kids.*

A superlative Mr. Jolly Green is shown up, Whom schoolboys question if his walk transcends The last advices of maternal friends † —

which polite periphrasis is discarded where Achilles' death is mourned:

Accursed heel that killed a hero stout!
O, had your mother known that you were out,
Death had not entered at the trifling part
That still defies the small chirurgeon's art
With corns and bunions.‡

The last passage is from a protracted play upon words, in which poor Hood is emulated — though the author owns that

Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,
A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one —

in unskilful hands turned back on one's self "by the current of some stronger wit," so that,

Like the strange missile which the Australian throws,
Your verbal boomerang slaps you on the nose.

A punster, however, Dr. Holmes will be — and already we have had a taste of his quality in the kid-glove case; so, again, the "bunions" annexed to the Achilles catastrophe reminds him to explain, that he refers not to

The glorious John

Who wrote the book we all have pondered on, —
But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,
To "Pilgrim's Progress" unrelenting foes! §

A gourmand, sublimely contemptuous of feasts of reason, argues that
Milton to Stilton must give in, and Solomon to Salmon,
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis Bacon gammon. ||

And the irresistible influence of collegiate convivial associations is thus illustrated: —

We're all alike; — Vesuvius flings the scoriam from his fountain,
But down they come in volleying rain back to the burning mountain;

We leave, like those volanic stones, our precious Alma Mater,
But will keep dropping in again to see the dear old crater.†

* Urania. † Astræa. ‡ A Modest Request.

§ Ibid. || Nux Postcoenatione. † Ibid.

As a satirist, to shoot Folly as it flies, Dr. Holmes bends a bow of strength. His arrows are polished, neatly pointed, gayly feathered, and whirr through the air with cutting emphasis. And he hath his quiver full of them. But, to his honor be it recorded, he knows how and when to stay his hand, and checks himself if about to use a shaft of undue size and weight, or dipped in gall of bitterness. Then he pauses, and says : —

Come, let us breathe ; a something not divine
Has mingled, bitter, with the flowing line —
for if he might lash and lacerate with Swift,
he prefers to tickle and titillate with Addison,
and, therefore, adds, in such a case,

If the last target took a round of grape
To knock its beauty something out of shape,
The next asks only, if the listener please,
A schoolboy's blowpipe and a gill of pease.*

Genial and good-natured, accordingly, he appears throughout — using his victims as old Izaak did his bait, as though he loved them — yet taking care that the hook shall do its work. Among the irksome shams of the day, he is "smart" upon those cant-mongers who

With uncouth phrases tire their tender lungs,
The same bald phrases on their hundred
tongues ;

"Ever" "The Ages" in their page appear,
"Always" the bedlamite is called a "Seer ;"
On every leaf the "earnest" sage may scan
Portentous bore ! their "many-sided" man, —
A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,
Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,
Who rides a beetle, which he calls a "Sphinx."†

Here is another home-thrust : —

The pseudo-critic-editorial race
Owns no allegiance but the law of place ;
Each to his region sticks through thick and thin,
Stiff as a beetle spiked upon a pin.
Plant him in Boston, and his sheet he fills
With all the slipslop of his threefold hills,
Talks as if Nature kept her choicest smiles
Within his radius of a dozen miles,
And nations waited till his next Review
Had made it plain what Providence must do.
Would you believe him, water is not damp,
Except in buckets with the Hingham stamp,
And Heaven should build the walls of Paradise
Of Quincy granite lined with Wenham ice.‡

Elsewhere he counsels thus, *festina lente*,
his impetuous compatriots : —

Don't catch the fidgets ; you have found your
place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss ; —
Think of the patriarchs ; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and
pen !

* Astraea. † Terpsichore. ‡ Astraea.

Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath ;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death ;
And with new notions, — let me change the
rule, —
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.*

Once more : there is pithy description in a list he furnishes of

Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs
A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,
Where all the syllables that end in *éd*,
Like old dragoons, have cuts across the head, —
Essays so dark Champollion might despair
To guess what mummy of a thought was there,
Where our poor English, striped with foreign
phrase,
Looks like a Zebra in a parson's chaise. . . .
Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts appeal,
Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel ; &c.,
&c.†

There is pleasant and piquant railery in the stanzas to "My Aunt," who, mediæval as she is, good soul ! still "strains the aching clasp that binds her virgin zone :

I know it hurts her, — though she looks as
cheerful as she can ;
Her waist is ampler than her life, for life is but
a span.

My aunt ! my poor deluded aunt ! her hair is
almost gray :
Why will she train that winter curl in such a
spring-like way ?
How can she lay her glasses down, and say she
reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens, she just
makes out to spell ?

Que de jolis vers, et de spirituelles malices !
And so again in "The Parting Word,"
which maliciously predicts, stage by stage, in
gradual but rapid succession, the feelings of
a shallow-hearted damsel after parting with
her most devoted — from tearing of jetty
locks and waking with inflamed eyes, to com-
placent audience of a new swain, three weeks
after date. We like Dr. Holmes better in
this style of graceful banter than when he
essays the more broadly comic — as in "The
Spectre Pig," or "The Stethoscope Song."
The lines "On Lending a Punch-bowl" are
already widely-known and highly-esteemed by
British readers — and of others which deserve
to be so, let us add those entitled "Nux Post-
occnatica," "The Music-grinders," "The
Dorchester Giant," and "Daily Trials," —
which chronicles the acoustic afflictions of a
sensitive man, beginning at daybreak with
yelping pug-dog's Memnonian sun-ode, closing
at night with the lonely caterwaul,

Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall,
of feline miscreants, and including during the
day the accumulated eloquence of women's
tongues, "like polar needles, ever on the jar,"

* Urania. † Terpsichore.

and drum-beating children, and peripatetic hurdy-gurdies, and child-crying bell-men — an ascending series of torments, a sorites of woes !

On the whole, here we have, in the words of a French critic, "un poète d'élite et qui compte : c'est une nature individuelle très-fine et très-marquée" — one to whom we owe "des vers gracieux et aimables, vifs et légers, d'une gaieté nuancée de sentiment." And one that we hope to meet again and again.

From the Economist, 27 May.

LIEUT. MAURY. — IMPROVEMENTS IN NAVIGATION.

ON May 14th we referred to the improvements in navigation suggested by Lieutenant Maury of the United States ; we pointed out that they were to be extended by observations made at different parts of the ocean ; and we remarked that it would be discreditable to us, owning four tenths of the mercantile marine of the world, and our ships traversing the ocean in all directions, if we did not use our opportunities to enlarge science and make navigation safe and expeditious. "Whatever doubt there may be," we said, "as to the best method of securing the accomplishment of Lieutenant Maury's project, ship-owners, ship-captains, and underwriters should do what they can to promote it. Now that it is known, it concerns their honor to increase, by following his suggestions, the celerity and safety of travelling by sea."

Lieutenant Maury is now in England, come hither to promote by his personal exertions the success of his very useful undertaking. He met a large body of merchants, ship-owners, and underwriters at Lloyd's on Thursday week, and explained his views to them. He was cordially welcomed, and after hearing his explanations, on the motion of Mr. D. Dunbar, a great ship-owner, seconded by Mr. W. Phillips, the meeting unanimously adopted a resolution, "expressing gratification at Lieutenant Maury's detail of the measures adopted by the government of the United States for improving the science and practice of navigation, and pledging the ship-owners and their officers present to assist in the completion of the system so ably commenced." "A vote of thanks, also, to the government of the United States, for their liberal offer to furnish copies of Lieut. Maury's valuable charts and sailing directions to masters of British merchant ships who should undertake to furnish the results of their observations in the prescribed form," was unanimously agreed to ; as was a resolution, "That a letter be addressed by the chairman to the First Lord of the Treasury, expressing the earnest hope of the meeting that her majesty's government would cordially coöperate with that of the United States in this object." That Lieutenant Maury should be thus grate-

fully received by our merchants and ship-owners, and that his plans should be zealously seconded by them, was to be expected ; but the meeting is not the less to be mentioned with all honor as tending to promote an improvement which will save time, life, and property, and will eminently serve the best interests of humanity.

By collecting observations already made and recorded at different times and places by ship-masters, Lieutenant Maury was enabled to construct charts of prevailing winds at different parts of the ocean in all seasons. By this means he has learnt which way the wind blows, and has taught seamen to shorten the voyage from the United States to Rio Janeiro by one-third, and save a month in going out to and in returning from Australia. These are substantial benefits conferred on all people. From the most remote periods the maritime population have been active agents in promoting communications between distant nations, in diffusing over all the advantages of each, and in promoting civilization. Their arduous labors cannot be too much lightened, nor their dangerous voyages too much shortened ; and Lieutenant Maury, like the great men who invented the compass and the quadrant, and perfected the time-piece — who discovered, by investigating celestial phenomena, easy and correct methods for ascertaining a ship's place at sea, for which our government long offered a large reward — who gave seamen in the marine barometer an oracle which, duly consulted, warns them of coming storms, or, like Colonel Reid, showed them how to sail away from them — Lieutenant Maury, like these great men, is a benefactor to his species.

The government of the United States, sensible of the great advantages of his plans, has had charts prepared of the courses of the winds at different parts of the ocean, as far as they are yet known, and of the directions of currents wherever any have been discovered. As the subject is yet very imperfectly known — is now, in truth, for the first time investigated in a careful, scientific manner — the government issues these charts gratuitously to all captains of American ships who will undertake to forward to Lieut. Maury an abstract of their logs, in which, according to a prescribed form, the winds they meet with in different places, and other phenomena of the atmosphere and the ocean, are recorded. Discarding all petty national jealousy, and anxious only for the safety and welfare of the increasing multitudes who cross the "deep sea," the American government, through Lieut. Maury, now offers to give the same charts to all our merchant captains who will contribute to the perfection of the good work. All that will be asked of them will be to forward to some person appointed by our Admiralty, and acting in conjunction with Lieut. Maury, or to forward directly to him at Washington, an abstract of

their logs in such a form as to be available for the advancement of this important branch of science. There is yet much to be done; but by and by, if he be assisted, we shall be provided with a complete map of the prevailing winds all over the globe at all times. The charts are offered to our shipmasters to show them by practice the utility of what has already been done, and what is yet needed to make the charts perfect. They are merely put in the way of helping to improve their own art and securing their own safety. No constraint is put on them. Lieutenant Maury and the American government seek only voluntary assistance to be given for the general benefit, and the especial benefit of all the maritime portions of society. That the offer will be thankfully accepted and extensively acted on, cannot be doubted. Our ship-owners and ship-masters will cordially unite with their brethren of the States, in endeavoring to procure information that will make all voyages more safe and more expeditious.

We might be led into curious speculations were we deeply to inquire into the cause why the suggestion of such a useful scheme should have been reserved for an American. Something like it indeed — an instinctive clubbing of knowledge from all quarters — a free communication of scientific observations — has long been going on; but to suggest and adopt the plan to promote correct knowledge and general improvement, by inducing all ship-masters to record their observations in one certain form, and to communicate them to some man or board of science to methodize and draw deductions from them, was reserved for Lieutenant Maury and the American government. The Americans, however, seem to be an eminently practical race. Their numerous inventions all tend to the common and general advantage, to bring about equally beneficial results for all by less labor. Their intellect is exerted for the benefit of all. It is not warped to consult the gratification of a few. They open their eyes and their senses to present wants, and set all their faculties to work to gratify them. They look Nature in the face, attend to her minutest signs, learn to read quickly her directions, and they are inventive, skilful, and prosperous. Only they, we believe, could have constructed a village to move on rails, because only they have the opportunity of driving railways through a country into which they must carry as they go nearly all that they require.

The *Illinois Journal* says, that a new plan of accommodating laborers on railroad improvements is practised on the Chicago and Mississippi railroad. The entire working force on this road is 100 persons, who live in cars fitted up for the purpose of boarding the men, and are pushed along as the rails are laid, thus securing the advantage of having the men always near their work. This locomotive boarding house, or

village, comprises fifteen large covered cars, with all the necessary conveniences for cooking, eating, and sleeping. They carry the cows along, they graze alongside, and are put in the stalls when the locomotive village changes ground.

Not being an old people, their senses are not perverted, nor their faculties benumbed, by a reverence for ancient prejudices. To master the world they follow its present teaching — the only system which can ensure success. They unite that perfection of the senses which is proper to the savage with the knowledge and appliances of civilized men. More than any existing people — like the ancient Greeks or the Assyrians, or any other primitive race — they are free to use all their faculties to promote their worldly success, and they are eminently successful.

Hampered by old prejudices — filled with an idle reverence for religious and political trumpery — their Spanish neighbors are involved in perpetual difficulties and squabbles, and would, but for European example and assistance, rather turn the noble continent of America into a desert, than people it with swarms of active, intelligent, and inventive human beings. It is clear that if the Italians or the Austrians, or any other European people, could be transplanted to the most fertile part of that vast continent, they could no more make progress there than in Europe, as long as they revered monkish mummeries as religion, and honored their present military police and passport contrivances as governments. The iron limits to their progress and improvement exist in their own minds, and no boundless continent of the most fertile territory could enlarge them. They would be as helpless, as poor, as degraded there as in the narrow limits of old Europe. A young and a new people — (and in relation to the old inhabitants of the greater part of the continent of Europe — in relation to the Italians, inheriting a long-descended reverence for the arts and opinions of antiquity — the English may be considered a young and a new people) — a people not fast bound by the forms of an ignorant antiquity — a people free to interrogate Nature, and walk and work by her directions, can alone thrive on the surface of the globe. Both the English and the Americans are comparatively new and young people in another sense. Their numbers continually and rapidly increase, and all the increase may be called a new people. Where there is no increase of population — no renewal of the youth of a people — improvement is generally stationary. The Americans are eminently practical and successful because they are free — not because they have a Republic or any particular form of government, but because, as the rule, they are each and all free to use their senses, to exert their faculties, and free to follow the instruction, whatever it may be, of the natural circumstances under which they exist.

From the Press.

A DAY WITH PITT.

In the afternoon of a fine day in November, 1788, a tall horseman, with a groom after him, might be observed crossing Westminster bridge to the Surrey side. Riding with excessive rapidity, and seated almost bolt upright in the saddle, he looks neither to the right nor to the left, but seems rapt in abstraction. A physiognomist, at a passing glance, would pause before saying whether the countenance was most expressive of mental thought or personal arrogance. The grave face, indeed, tells of habitual reflection; but that prominent, haughty nose, tossed disdainfully upwards, is suggestive of pride carried even to scorn. His figure is gaunt, and more wiry than muscular, but the well-opened chest and manly bearing promise elasticity and energy. Some few of the foot-passengers look after him, and recognize his striking form, for they have often seen that haughty horseman riding thus rapidly about town; and, once seen, few could forget the sovereign look of that uncrowned ruler of men who answered to the world-famed name of "Mr. Pitt."

It is even he, and he looks more grave and resolute than usual. As the servant has saddle-bags, it appears that his master was going some considerable distance. But he would scarcely go very far at this advanced season of the year. Onward he rides faster and faster, and more rapidly than his livery-groom likes,* and the minister takes the road that crosses the Surrey hills by Norwood and Dulwich. He pulls up for a moment in ascending a sharp acclivity, and draws aside to let a yellow barouche pass by. How that showy, bold-looking woman stares after him! Ah! that is Miss (or rather "Mistress") Hervey, who twenty years ago used to be toying at the bar at Nando's with gay young Templars, and who is now at the head of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow's establishment at Knight's hill, Dulwich. But the minister is not going *there*, and canters by its gate without stopping; and on he rides, until he reaches the heights by White Horse house, and, if he had any feeling for the picturesque, the man of great orations might enjoy the striking effect of the declining day upon that vast burst of country, which meets his eye as he looks over the cultivated tracts of West Kent and East Surry. But for that fair landscape, and the *chiaroscuro* of the darkling light over Croydon town, the horseman has not the least sentiment. And Pitt still trots forward at his rapid pace, taking the road to Beckenham,

but he is not going so far. He soon turns off the high-road about a mile to the east of Croydon town, and dismounts at an old-fashioned villa, seated in a flat and rather swampy paddock, which gives the courtesy title of "park" to "Adgecombe," or "Addiscombe," according to later orthography.*

Pitt is glad to learn that its owner, Lord Hawkesbury, has recovered from his severe cold, and soon he is in the study, where the veteran official (now a new peer) is laid up before the fire, in a half-invalid condition. In a moment the sudden visit is explained. Pitt wants to talk to old Jenkinson about fifty things that press. The crisis has become very serious indeed, and Lord Hawkesbury is dismayed, as he sees the very grave expression of Pitt's face. Darker and darker becomes that bold and manly countenance as he describes the terrible state of things. Yesterday he was at Windsor, and saw the King of England in the paroxysms of madness. He beheld earthly majesty laid prostrate by an *actus Dei*; and he had seen the queen, and all the household, struck with consternation. He had witnessed the alarm of the loyal and prosperous citizens of London, and had beheld horror on the faces of great merchants that swayed 'Change. A panic—political, official, and commercial—is seizing on the public mind. The rank and file of the ministerialists are threatening to desert. The faction at Carlton-house expects to carry all before it. The king's sons—George, Prince of Wales, and Frederick, Duke of York—have shown themselves, in an hour of anxious trial, to be bad Englishmen, and bad sons! And Fox—"Ah! there is the cause of *their* errors. The princes have fallen into the hands of bad advisers."—Fox has left Mrs. Armstead behind him on the Continent, and he will now strive might and main to repair his coalition defeat, and restore the fallen political fortunes of his rapacious faction, thirsting for revenge.

All this, and much more, is talked over by Pitt and Lord Hawkesbury, when a loud and joyous laugh is heard outside. "'Tis only Robert, and one of his young college friends from Oxford." And the statesmen continue their colloquy, until the noise of wheels is heard coming up to the door. 'Tis Sir Peter Burrell, on his way to Beckenham, along with his visitor, Sir William Young. They had no idea that Pitt could be here, and Lord Hawkesbury makes them stay and dine. As Pitt will sleep at Addiscombe, there will be time enough for their private colloquy at night; and Pitt, who never tires of parliamentary or official topics, is glad to have companions who

* Several grooms died in Pitt's service from the effects of long waiting while in a heat after galloping after their master.

* Wilberforce records the fact, which we know also from other sources, that Pitt was constantly in the habit of taking secret counsel with the first Lord Liverpool.

will take their wine after dinner, since the host is not equal to the bottle.

And now dinner is announced, and "Robert," himself to be a prime minister in after days, comes in. But who is that along with him, whom he familiarly calls "George?" It is a tall and manly youth, with a form of uncommon grace, a countenance in which amiability and intelligence are stamped, with lustrous eyes, a voice of singular sweetness, and an air of genius in his every look and gesture. Pitt is not mistaken. It is that brilliant lad who struck him so much at Eton in the delivery of the complimentary speech when Robert Jenkinson good-naturedly gave his place to his friend George Canning.* Both Sir C. Burrell and Sir W. Young are also struck by the appearance of the gifted young Oxonian, who eagerly listens as he hears these politicians fresh from the great world tattle of the topics of the day. Nor is Pitt unobservant of his animated look, as Sir W. Young tells the story of Lord Mornington (a name dear to Oxonians) having consulted the *Sortes Virgilianæ* on the question, "Whether the Prince of Wales would be Regent?" and his opening at the passage in the seventh book of the *Æneid* : —

Sic regia tecta subibat
Horridus ;

and how, when he put the question, "Whether the king would recover his understanding?" he was answered by,

Corpora viva nefas Stygia nectare carina,

and Pitt calls on young Canning to translate the last line, and he cries, "Good, sir, good!" as the ready tongue of the orator in his teens replies, "It is criminal to treat as dead a man who has in him the principle of life;" and, amid allusions to Welwood's memoirs and Lord Falkland, dinner is announced, and the small party adjourn. The two youngsters find themselves out of place while the politicians talk in the unknown tongue of St. Stephen's, and they have tact enough to retire early from the table.

Pitt has scarcely spoken at all, but he has listened while Sir Peter Burrell prattles on about the way things are going at Carlton-house, where Jack Payne, and Master Leigh from Eton, and Lord Barrymore's young brother, and "Mrs. Fitz," form the cabinet,† along with Fox and Sheridan; and then Pitt, in a quiet, subdued way, talks of the state of affairs at Windsor, where the prince grasped at the command, but really ordered nothing that was decent, and how it was only at his (Pitt's) entreaty that a couple of grooms of the chamber were appointed to receive the

inquiries of the anxious visitors. And Sir William Young talks of the princes, and how the Duke of York has taken kindly to play, and how the hawks at Brookes' pluck his feathers without mercy, reducing him to the vowels I. O. U.* And the Prince of Wales is even worse. "And all that," cries Lord Hawkesbury, "when their father is so terribly afflicted!" and he then chimes in with many stories that he has heard from Lord Bulkeley about the libertine lives that the royal brothers are leading at this time of public sorrow. But Pitt seems to be getting tired of all this, and he appears impatient, and the subordinates think it better to take a hint and retire; and the two visitors depart for Beckenham, leaving Lord Hawkesbury with Pitt, who then retired to the library, where Pitt calls for another bottle of that "capital wine." And then his host asks with incredulity whether all the stories about the hardness of heart and utter want of feeling shown by the princes can be true! Pitt at first makes no other answer but a significant look at his friend, and, then drawing close, whispers in his ear, "The queen told me *this*," and adds, *solito voce*, facts which make Lord Hawkesbury cry with a start, "You make my blood run cold."‡ But Pitt does not care for "indignation:"† he proceeds to the crisis of the day, and again puts all the eventualities of the occasion before the practical mind of the veteran official, who replies in the quiet manner of one who had been in close connection with another prime minister when the political waves were running high.§ Yes! Pitt is heartily glad he cantered out to Addiscombe; it eases his mind to have Hawkesbury's common sense and experience on his side. And now he must retire for the night, and he says that he will have breakfast at seven in the morning. So he proceeds to his bedroom earlier than had been anticipated by the household at Addiscombe. As he opens his chamber door he sees that there is some one in the room. It is a maid servant arranging the toilet-table, and within ten miles round of Croydon a prettier girl than Madge Brooks could not be found. Look at her trim spruce figure, with her neatly-made kirtle tucked up so nicely, and her pretty coquettish mob cap, surmounting a face fit for a May Queen. With her blooming cheeks, her sparkling eyes, and gypsy-like glance, and with lips that might tempt an anchorite, she looks the very model from which George Morland painted. Sweet Madge! how that mantling blush becomes you as you find yourself alone with a youthful prime minister, flushed with wine! But your lips

* Idem (vol. ii., p. 98).

† Idem (vol. ii., p. 68).

‡ "That valuable commodity — indignation."

— Canning.

§ He had been Lord Bute's private secretary.

* Historical.

† Courts and Cabinets of George III. (vol. i., p. 445).

are safe from any rude coalition with those of the orator before you. Madge blushes still deeper as the great man addresses her with — "*Stay! you must let me have —*" and Madge thinks that he is going to say something like what other young bachelors would say; but, pshaw! "it is only "a matchbox" he wants, and Madge retires, saying to herself "that he's not such a great man to look at, after all, and if her John Thomas was only dressed up he'd be a finer gemman, that he would;" but thus it is; and, with an indifference worthy of Sir Isaac Newton, the statesman, unmoved by the apparition of rustic beauty, goes to his couch. It wants ten minutes to eleven as he lays his head on his pillow, and before the clock has struck he is fast asleep, and enjoys most refreshing repose before the midnight hour has gone. And one, and two, and three, and four, are told from the turret clock, and still, with the calmness of a child, the tired statesman slumbers on.

But as the Kentish wagoner guides his wain towards Croydon, he can see a light in one of the upper rooms at Addiscombe. 'Tis scarcely half-past four; but Pitt is up, and rummaging in one of the saddle bags. He finds what he wants. He has the full report of the proceedings at the Convention Parliament in 1688, and he has the written remarks on portions of it which he made his new Solicitor-General (Sir John Scott) note for him. According to his usual custom, he goes back to bed, to read and meditate, and prepare for the emergencies of the coming day. How cool is his mind — how collected his faculties — how calm is his unfaltering self-reliance! The crisis is one that would ruffle the temper even of a master-spirit; but Pitt, with Fox, Burke, Windham, and Sheridan in his front — with Lansdowne hovering on his flank — with Thurlow acting traitorously towards him — with the princes above him, conspiring for his fall — and with his royal master out of his reason — amid the falling funds and dreary forebodings of frightened capitalists — even in the monarchy's travail — Pitt is undaunted as a Marlborough amid the roar of battle, in his own person incarnating the one poetic passage of Addison, like whose "angel" he, too,

Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Pitt feels that still the public voice of England is with him, not with his foes. And the minister, after three hours' pondering, descends to an early breakfast, hurriedly swallowed, and he is soon scouring on his high-trotting steed over the road to London.

He sees the rural landscape around him, beautiful even in November, with as utter indifference as on the evening before. But as he advances his mind is roused when, descending from the heights near Norwood, he looks

down over the mighty city, and thinks of the "*Fumum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ*." London, in all its outstretched vastness, is the material type of that great developed Empire of which he thinks. India — the Colonies — a mighty marine — a great zone of British influence circling the world — such are the ideas that loom through the solitary statesman's mind, as he casts his piercing glance over the great city, whose spires and forests of masts are only dimly, yet grandly, visible beneath his view.

And now he is again at the Treasury. He gives a look at his office book, and observes the number of interviews with all manner of people that he has appointed for this day. While looking over it he utters a regret that he has not Pretynan still for a private secretary; and, while he is making a note, in comes William Grenville with a hurried letter from Doctor Willis, from Windsor, written in a more sanguine mood about the king; and their colloquy is interrupted by Dundas, who talks at once of more "ratting" amongst their supporters, but says the Scotch members will be faithful. "I wish we could say the same of more important people," cries Pitt; "for example, Thurlow." The word has scarcely left his lips when the chancellor is announced, and Dundas mutters a Scotch saying in which "the deil" is all that is heard, and soon after Pitt is closeted with one who looks black and bold enough to make us think again of Dundas' proverb. He is indeed "the black brow'd phantom" that he was described by Burke, and Pitt thinks of Fox's witty saying that "there never was any man so wise as Thurlow looked." How calmly and proudly Pitt looks down upon the arch-schemer, while the deep intriguer tries to hide his heart from that penetrating gaze. Well, they have not broken with each other yet. Thurlow has come to talk about the Irish chancellorship, for Lord Lifford has resigned at last, and Fitzgibbon wants to get it. In a few minutes he departs, and Pitt is forced to select from his crowded antechamber what persons he will see. The first he names is "*Bob Smith*" — Phœbus! What a name! He is quite a pet of the great statesman, and, like most of his favorites, he comes from the city — a banker, still residing east of Temple-bar, but shortly to emerge into a splendid mansion in the Green Park, and wear the sparkling coronet of "Carrington." And next he sees the Irish Fitzgibbon — small in stature, but great in audacity of design — a provincial Thurlow, as towering in arrogance as his English prototype — yet Pitt likes his clear intellect and his ready comprehension of the minister's imperializing views. Then come the thronging deputations from the city — West Indian planters raising an alarm about Wilberforce's plans for abolition, and

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East Indian merchants with talk about shipping, voyaging, cargoes, excise, Eastern possessions, and all that perplexed business matter on which Pitt's mind rejoices to exercise itself. He is quite happy in listening to all their statements; his intuitively logical intellect grasps the relations of their facts to that scheme of a commercial empire which is ever and anon recurring to his great, teeming brain. Yet he listens without emotion, while he is told of the city prophet of yesterday to purchase him an annuity of three thousand a year, in case he should be driven from power.*

But he must assimilate all this knowledge with vast plans of his own, and he desires that a certain person from his thronged waiting-room should be next shown in. Let us follow one of his assistant private secretaries, and see whom he calls in to the minister. Several members of Parliament are waiting their turn, but he does not call on them, nor on that Irish lord who, for further promotion in the peerage, is waiting to offer five seats in support of the Lord Lieutenant at Dublin Castle; nor that general officer with a letter of introduction; nor that bishop wanting translation; nor the dean wishing for a stall. There are Burke and Sir Philip Francis, also, come about arranging certain forms of the Hastings case — and they, too, are passed by; and there is Lord Bulkely, crammed with gossip and scandal;† — and he, too, is passed by, and the secretary whispers a clerical-looking person, at whom my Lord the Bishop, and Mr. Dean, have looked rather disdainfully, for they guess that he has graduated only in a Hackney academy. He looks awkward, with a stoop in the shoulders of his ungraceful person, yet there is frankness, intelligence, and the unmistakable stamp of mind upon that meditative face.‡ How angry Burke looks when he finds that this oracle of Newington-green is called in before himself, and how the throng in the antechamber is impatient at the long tarrying of the dissenting divine! And, if they could have seen through stone walls, they might have beheld Pitt deep and absorbed in converse with that downright Unitarian parson — Richard Price — who is “like a conjurer drawing forth coil after coil of statistical tables,” and results in finance, which the sanguine and figure-loving minister swallows with only too much avidity.

Their interview would have lasted longer but for a volley of — what? Artillery announcing an anniversary — or a review in the park! For shame! Think not of such jubilant sounds in days when the King of England

is so ill. But still volley after volley is heard — joyous, exhilarating, and heart-stirring. But it is of genuine Highland laughter, as wildly, madly joyous as if each burst were the echo of another Burns striking his lyre in praise of “John Barleycorn.” In comes the cause of it, mingling her saucy air of fashion with a familiar popularity-hunting style — the bold and brilliant Duchess of Gordon. Yes — “she must see him,” and, while the officials stare at her masculine assurance, she succeeds in forcing her company on the minister. But, no! — not even after all her active services in counteracting Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire — Pitt obstinately refuses to go over this evening to Pallmall, to a quiet private dinner at Buckingham-house (where the duchess now resides), and she makes her exit in another volley, and vows, in joking mood, that she’ll set on her friend Sir John Sinclair to write pamphlets against Mr. Pitt. “And Sir John is a canny chiel wi’ the pen. Ye dinna ken Sir John as she does, Mr. minister. Fast as ye wad empty decanters of claret, Sir John wad clean out ink-bottles;” and, bidding the minister take that for not being more “douce” to a lady fra’ the north, off she goes, making the walls ring again with another burst of cheery laughter.

And then Pitt clears out the rest of the antechamber, and tells Lord Mornington “to come along with him to Chatham’s,” and they can talk about what “Arthur, wants (and Arthur is a good boy) to have done with the yeomanry at Trim;” and they stroll up together to the Admiralty. They are met by a strange-looking person, walking on tip-toe, flourishing his right hand in the air, while, with his eyes upon the ground, he converses eagerly with Sheridan. He salutes Lord Mornington. “That’s Grattan, doubtless over here intriguing about the Regency.” And Pitt thinks how, if he could have persuaded the English manufacturers to adopt his Irish Commercial Propositions of 1785, Irish “nationality,” with its dangerous “patriots,” might have been neutralized. But the English manufacturers, led on by this very gentleman, with a cold, purse-proud manner, coming hither, prevented his plans. And Pitt then speaks with much courtesy to one of his new baronets, Sir Robert Peel; but the day will come when Pitt will play the new Irish Chancellor (Fitzgibbon) against Grattan, and incorporate Ireland with England. And now they are on the steps of the Admiralty, and they are going in to the First Lord’s door; but the valet, running out, tells them “Lord Chatham is not up yet,” and the words “O degenerem Neoptolemum!” almost leap out of Pitt’s mouth, while Lord Morning-

* Courts and Cabinets of George III. (vol. ii., p. 74).

† Idem, *passim*.

‡ See his character, under the title of “Simplius,” in Mrs. Chapone’s Letters.

* Idem (vol. ii., p. 90; and vol. i. p. 348, and *supra*).

ton spouts a Homeric line against men of public council sleeping long: but Pitt's ear is arrested, not by the high-sounding Greek, but by the eager whisper of the half breathless George Rose, telling him that a king's messenger has come from Windsor with a "special and immediate" despatch from the queen. Within twenty-four hours from the time when we saw him yesterday on Westminster bridge, the minister is posting to Windsor to aid with his loyal counsels the consort of his royal master.

In "A Day with Fox" we saw the mighty chiefs matched against each other as *orators*. On the floor of the House of Commons criticism would pause in assigning the palm of superiority to either, *magis pares quam similes*. Contrasted together as *men*, the sympathies of the human heart will more powerfully be evoked by the union of the amiable and brilliant in Fox's nature; but history can have no doubt in assigning victory in *statesmanship* to that vigilant spirit of command shown by the subject of "A Day with Pitt,"

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe reigned,

While rapine and treason their standards unfurled,

The heart and the hopes of his country maintained,
And Old England preserved 'mid the wreck of the world.

From the National Era.

THE MAUVAISES TERRES OF NEBRASKA.

PART OF A LETTER FROM J. G. WHITTIER.

THE traveller who enters the Territory of Nebraska from the Great Bend of the Missouri, and takes the direction of Fort Laramie, along the valley of the White river, finds himself passing over a fine high prairie country, luxuriant with unshorn grasses, and gay with uncultured flowers. Suddenly, from one of the terraced elevations which slowly and gradually uplift the prairie to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, the calm monotony of the landscape is broken by an abrupt depression of from one to three hundred feet below the level of the surrounding country. Before him stretches a vast valley, the width of which is estimated at thirty miles, and which reaches westerly to the feet of the Black Hills, a distance of nearly ninety miles. He looks out upon a dreary waste, scantily clothed with grass, and rough and ridgy with tall, irregular, prismatic, and columnar masses of rock, rising, splintered and abraded, into every conceivable form, to the height of from one to two hundred feet.

It is as if, in some great convulsion of nature, this vast and dismal tract had suddenly sunk from the great prairie level, leaving its bony articulations of rock standing thickly over it, like the ribs of some gigantic skeleton from which the flesh had fallen.

Seen in the distance, these rocky piles, so tall, so vast, so multitudinous, intersected by labyrinthine passages, their turreted walls, truncated pyramids, and sharp, clustering spires, rising into light from the black masses of their shadows, assume the appearance of artificial structures—a wild night-mare dream of Cyclopean architecture—flanking buttress and lofty arch, shaft, colonnade, and spire—the Petrea of the Western wilderness—a silent city of the dead—stretching out to the horizon's line on the right hand and on the left, and westwardly in endless succession of towers and mural escarpments, to the grim background of the Black Mountains—a scene to remind one of the ruinous stony halls of Istakar, through the portals of which the mad Caliph in *Vathek* sought the presence of the infernal deities.

"So thickly," says the geological surveyor of this wonderful tract, in his report to Congress, "are these natural towers studded over this extraordinary region, that the traveller threads his way through deep, intricate passages, not unlike some quaint old town of the European continent.

"One might almost imagine oneself approaching some magnificent city of the dead, where the labor and genius of forgotten nations had left behind them a multitude of monuments of their art and skill.

"On descending from the heights, however, and proceeding to thread this vast labyrinth, and inspect in detail its deep, intricate recesses, the realities of the scene soon dissipated the illusions of distance. The castellated forms which fancy had conjured up vanish, and around one, on every side, is bleak and barren desolation."

The whole region is, in fact, one of savage and irremediable desolation. The curse of sterility broods over it—treeless and pathless—a maze of innumerable defiles, choked with debris, and overhung with ash-colored walls of rock.

For the geologist, however, this melancholy tract has no lack of interest. It is rich in fossil remains of animal races long extinct, and heretofore unknown. Grim secrets of an early world, unshapely and monstrous forms of rudimental life, present themselves in some localities at every turn. The enormous *Pulcotherium*, which formed a connecting link between the tapir and the rhinoceros, the horse and the hog—one specimen of which measured five feet along the range of its teeth—the *Archiotherium*, uniting in itself the characters of the pachydermous, plantigrades, and the digitigrades, foreshadowing in its singular combination the hog, the bear, and the cat—the small rhinoceros *Nebrascensis*, bearing a marked resemblance to the living babyrussa and peccary, together with many other remarkable and novel varieties of animal life, roamed over these lands at a period so remote that the mind staggers under the effort of computation.

Geology ascribes the date of their existence to a time when, of all which now constitutes Europe and Asia, only a few scattered islands, slowly rising from a wide waste of ocean, were visible; when Mount Etna and the plateau of Sicily were still deep under the tertiary Mediterranean Sea; when the Alps and the great sub-Himalayan range of Northern India were yet unformed; when, on the continent, the now far inland mountain chains were the seaboard of the Atlantic, whose waves washed the great Mississippi valley, and beat against the bluffs of Vicksburg. These fossil deposits are exciting a great degree of interest in the scientific world; and already, during the present season, three expeditions, one of them composed of European savans, have left St. Louis, to renew the investigation of their mysteries, and decipher their marvellous record of the history of our planet.

The Mauvaises Terres, notwithstanding their great extent, occupy in reality but a small portion of the beautiful Territory of Nebraska. Close around their waste and desolation,

Spreading between the streams are the wondrous beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in sunshine and shadow,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk, and the roe-buck,
Over them wander the wolves and the herds of riderless horses,
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary of travel.
And over all is the sky, the clear crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

SUNDAY was always kept as a holiday, not only on account of work being forbidden by the authorities on the Sabbath, but I should say eight-tenths of the people would not have worked had they been allowed; and, in spite of all that has been said about the immorality caused by the discovery of gold and its consequences, I was perfectly surprised at the small amount of crime that existed amongst so mixed a population, consisting of every grade of society, from the most hardened wretch from Norfolk Island, to a representative of every trade and profession that ever was heard of, not excepting honorables and captains in the royal navy, army officers, barristers, &c.; and I am confident there was not more vice (if even so much) than there would be in any town; of course, there was plenty of riotously disposed people, but far more of the other way of thinking.

As far as females are concerned, I have no hesitation in saying that they might and did consider themselves as safe, both regarding their persons and feelings, as if they were in Sydney

or at home. I never heard on the Taron of any outrage or incivility. (I have heard screaming and rows, but from whom did it proceed? — invariably husband and wife.) At the period of my leaving, great numbers of respectable women were arriving daily, and in the town of Sofala, bark, log, and weather-boarded houses, with three or four inns, had sprung up; the latter, very properly, always keeping closed on Sundays. A brickmaker was hard at work; and no doubt ere this many houses of that description are to be seen, with good shops, stores, &c. As it was, the town had a lively appearance, which but twelve months before was inhabited only by kangaroos, cockatoos, and opossums, or a solitary shepherd with a flock of sheep. I understood that the shepherd at Sheep Station Point had resided there twenty-two years, and never had been away but three times during that period. Even the gold fever had not affected him. His argument was, he cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him; therefore, what inducement was there for him to go and make a fool of himself by getting money for some one else to spend?

The greatest vice that men and boys (the latter especially) at the diggings used to habituate themselves to, was swearing the most horrible oaths, and using coarse, low-life language; so much so, that a man would hardly speak to his friends without calling them some sort of unmentionable name; but I invariably saw even that checked in a moment, if there was any female of apparent respectability in a tent, near, or passing; showing the moral influence woman has, even over the "roughs" at the diggings. — *Read's Australia.*

The Philosophy of Atheism Examined and Compared with Christianity. A Course of Popular Lectures, delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Bradford, on Sunday Afternoons in the Winter of 1852-'53. By the Reverend B. Godwin, D. D. Third edition.

There is some interest attached to the story of these plain and popular lectures against Atheism. Some twenty years ago, when political and religious or irreligious fever ran higher than it does now, a divine at Bradford made some allusions in the pulpit, which excited the anger of the sceptics of the town. A sort of challenge to persons to speak in a place where their dogmas could be gainsaid was thrown out. Dr. Godwin in consequence gave a series of lectures, which were well attended, and subsequently printed both in this country and America. Years passed; the doctor left semi-Infidel Bradford for semi-Papistical Oxford, and returned to find Atheism rampant in another form, or under another name — *Secularism*, meaning, Attend only to things of this world. Again he mounted the platform, and again with acceptance; the lecturer bearing full testimony to the fairness and courtesy of the working men, who formed the majority of his audience. His lectures were in substance the same that he delivered in 1834, but with many changes. The second edition appears to have been published last spring, and autumn produces a third. — *Spectator.*

From the Examiner.

Essays on Various Subjects. By His Eminence CARDINAL WISEMAN. In three Vols. Dolman.

THESE *Essays* are republications chiefly from the *Dublin Review* and the *Catholic Magazine*. Though upon "various subjects" there is a strict unity of purpose by which they are all connected; they all tend throughout carefully to promote the credit and well-being of that which his eminence regards as the true church. The first volume is upon points of faith, and practice, and church history; and has chiefly in view Roman Catholic readers. The second volume is devoted wholly to exertations upon Puseyism. The third volume contains miscellaneous essays upon literature and art, but the topics are all chosen with the discretion of a good ecclesiastic. By far the longest essay in it is an exposition of the excellent condition of the church in Spain.

The temper of all the three volumes, we must add, is excellent, and the tact displayed in them equally great. The cardinal can write nonsense when it serves a purpose, but he is always a shrewd and clever man. Few know better how to prop up, with subtle buttresses, opinions that want foundation and solidity; and, when he is clearly in the right, he is invulnerable against all comers. He is the man of his church, and of his church as it is in our own day. He might indeed have lived three hundred years ago, but he has adapted himself to an easier task than he would then have had. There is a great difference apparent between the movement of the gaudy mitre-painted coach that jolted on its state march over the old roads of the sixteenth century, and the same coach (only the rottener for being older) that now rumbles quietly along our modern ways. There is the same pretension, there are the same adornments carefully relacked — the gay piece of lumber may seem to the irreverent as obsolete as the lord mayor's sarcophagus of state — but on improved roads it rolls along more pleasantly than ever, and its coachman knits his brows less fiercely as his trouble with the reins is lessened.

In the preface to the cardinal's first volume there occurs a profitable illustration of the spirit of the Roman church. As is the church so is the cardinal. His eminence would tell us that having dutifully cut his mind to the church pattern, he has had nothing to learn from his youth upward:

I feel it a duty, rather than a satisfaction, to say, that, on looking over this collection of papers, stretching over a period of seventeen years, covering that critical period of life which comprises the maturity of youthful vigor, and the commencement of intellectual decline — the age of bold thoughts, and that of cautious emendations — I have not found an opinion or a feeling that

I have ceased to entertain. What was but hope may have ripened into fulfilment — but I see no reason to regret that I hoped: what was implored may have since been granted — but I have no cause to grieve that I entreated: what was a suggestion may have grown into a reality — but I cannot be sorry that the suggestion was made. Things and persons and circumstances may have changed much, so that one cannot, and must not, feel now as then: but it is consolation to have still the conviction that one did feel right then, because those feelings were the necessary germs of what we know to be right now.

That a man gifted with brains could get through sixteen years of his prime without experiencing any of those changes of opinion which must accompany all mental growth, is as impossible as that a tree can grow for sixteen years and always keep the form it had when it first broke out of the soil. The cardinal has either lopped and pruned his wits most cruelly, has either kept them down by shaving diligently, as he has shaved down day by day the sproutings of an interdicted beard, or there is less of the old woman in him than he would sometimes have us suppose — and, indeed, now and then we seem to spy a beard under his muffler.

A cardinal, however, is on the whole a social mystery with which we are not now specially called upon to meddle. Neither shall we say anything of Dr. Wiseman's Catholic endeavors to uphold the abandoned text upon the Trinity in the first epistle of St. John, or to vindicate against unjust aspersion the memory of the just Pope Boniface VIII., or to prove the blessing power of Catholicism over Italy and Spain. Essays upon such topics will interest all readers who know how to derive profit from the habit of considering all sides of any question. Dr. Wiseman may not be a man of genius, but he is singularly shrewd and ready of perception. His mind is well trained, and is as quick and lively in its movements as it dares to be within a body columned on red stockings and crowned with the venerable hat. Often in these essays we find the driest topics made delightful by the skilful treatment of the writer. Take, for example, the subject of Biblical criticism. Dr. Wiseman having been gently admonished by a brother Romanist of too great freedom in the recommendation of a free criticism of the Scriptures, proceeds in the course of an Essay on Miracles to show mainly how a scholar may revere the Bible all the more for a minute study of its component parts, and incidentally how much pleasure is derived from the mere intellectual act of determining the character and value of old manuscripts, an art in which the practised wit can acquire great expertness.

Taking the history of one particular Arabic text as made out by internal evidence, he gives it thus:

Look into that cell. It is in an Eastern monastery, on the craggy side of Mount Libanus, with palm-trees shooting up slender around it, and waving their graceful heads to the evening breeze. All is still and calm; the chanting has ceased, and each pious recluse has slowly returned to his cell. Look again at the one we have chosen, rude and bare as it is. There, by the latticed window, thrown open to the setting sun, on his little square mat, sits, Arab-fashion, a bearded monk, grave and furrowed with lines of thought. At his left side is his inkstand with his reed-holder passed behind the girdle like a dirk. In his left hand he holds his page of vellum on a slight board, in his right his ready cane pen: for he leans not his body nor his book on anything when he writes. He lives at a time when the sacred language of his country, the Syriac, is becoming less known even in religious houses, and an Arabic, or vernacular, version is required of the Psalms. He being well skilled in languages, and a worthy man, has been ordered to make it, and is already playing his sacred task.

Now, first, what is he translating from? On a low three-legged stool beside him, lies the open volume. What language is it? "How," you reply, "can I possibly see, at this distance of place and time?" Then I will tell you: it is a copy of the Septuagint, or ancient Greek version of the Bible. How do we know this? Every verse of his translation tells us so. For, while that version differs very remarkably from the Hebrew in its readings, his translation throughout keeps close to the former. Well, this is a very simple discovery. But we see that our good monk is not *very strong* in his Greek, for he keeps every now and then looking at another old volume, or rather roll, beside him. It is clearly the Hebrew original, which, being more akin to his own language, he can better master. He uses it, therefore, as another would a lexicon. Hence through his translation, when a hard and puzzling word comes in the Greek, we find him putting the very Hebrew word into his text, making quite a jumble of it. This tells us that he did not help himself out of another version already made from the Hebrew, but dealt freely with the original. But we have very curious proofs of this. We are now watching him translate Ps. lxxvii., v. 74 (69 Heb. and Gr.). He has hit upon two curious deviations from both the Greek and the Hebrew. And yet we can very easily account for them; but only one way. If in two small words together, we imagine him to have mistaken, in one a *beth* for a *caph*, in the other a *caph* for a *beth* (the two Hebrew letters being very much alike), we get just his reading. And the same verse contains another certain proof, but too complex for our present purpose.

See him now fairly nonplussed. He has got to Ps. xxxix. (Heb.), v. 9 (in LXX., v. 6), and there he finds the two texts irreconcilably different. You may behold him, with his hands dropped before him on his knees, waving his body backwards and forwards, and gently stroking his beard, as Orientals do when they wish to convey electricity to their brains. And now a bright thought has struck him. He knows not which

reading to prefer, so he will put them both in; and consequently he combines them, and gives us in his translation a double version, from the Greek and from the Hebrew. Having discovered this notable expedient, he has recourse to it again in similar difficulties: for example in Ps. xli. (Heb.) verses 13, 14, where he once more treats us to both texts. But this Psalm, seems to have greatly perplexed him; for sometimes, as in a fit of desperation, he fairly takes his departure altogether from both his originals, and hazards a most unaccountable paraphrase of his own. He however finds another remedy in his difficulties. There he gets up, and takes down from his small library, or rather out of his book-chest, another volume. How shall we make that out? Very easily: we can see it from here, as we peep over his shoulder. It is the Syriac *Peshito* version. He is engaged on Ps. xlvii. (Heb.), and at every verse he looks into this translation, and does not hesitate to be guided by it. Coincidences so curious occur, as to leave us no doubt of this.

The good old translator may have pretended what he liked to his less learned brethren, and may have made them suppose that he was very fluent in Greek, and read it off like an Athenian; but he cannot trick us, and we can make out, as plain as if we saw him, every book that he used. Nay, we can even decide to what country his copy of the Greek text belonged, that it had the text as corrected by Lucian: and probably that it was what is called the Hexaplar copy.

We may be further asked, why we put the author of this version on Mount Libanus, and not in Chaldea, or Egypt, for instance. Here again interior data combine to determine us: the translation from the Greek, and the knowledge of Hebrew, do not allow us so easily to attribute it to the first country, where the Greek language had long ceased to be known, and Hebrew to be but little cultivated, before this version was made: while the use of the Syriac version, unknown or unused in Egypt, does not permit us to assign it to the latter. But in Syria we have every requisite condition for explaining the character of this translation.

Most especially interesting is the second of Dr. Wiseman's volumes, which we recommend to the attentive study of all English churchmen who retain any doubt whatever as to the intimacy of the connection lately established between Rome and Oxford. It contains the whole of the fraternal dealings of Dr. Wiseman with our High Church party from the time of his first taking an affectionate interest in their affairs, to the time when Newman, Wilberforce, Allies, and other English clergymen by dozens honestly transferred their service to the master they had chosen, leaving scores still behind who continue to keep dishonest occupation of their English pulpits. The line of demarcation between the High Church people, and the mere Protestants of whom his eminence speaks with a great contempt, is strongly and justly indicated in this volume. One of the essays is

devoted to the task of showing that the Anglican church could not be Catholic, because even the Archbishop of Canterbury had committed himself to coöperation with the continental Protestants in sending a bishop to Jerusalem, there to preside over a chance community of "Anglicized Confession-of-Augsburg men." Could there be any doubt therefore whether the Anglican church were in its essence Catholic or Protestant? Come out from her! cried the Romanist doctor to his friends, our reformation-hating clergy; and it is edifying to observe how cleverly he discussed with them the points on which they differed, and what exceedingly small points they were. Get out from among us! we say also to remaining Puseyites. Read Wiseman, and be converted.

We have alluded to the rigidity of mind demanded by the Church of Rome, and the external pomps and vanities by which it labors to make Christians humble and devout. In his article on Spain his eminence dwells on the treasures contained in the cathedral of Seville with the zest of an epicure who has a dainty bill of fare to talk of; and in a paper on Lord Lindsay's Christian Art, he expresses his dislike for the irreverence or bad taste of those artists who present the images of saints and holy men in any less searaphic costume than the trappings of a bishop. The artist who should represent a Roman in a toga wronged the church, if such a Roman was a saint. Out of respect to the ecclesiastical system, the idea of sanctity should have been associated with the stole and mitre.

In the public square at Milan is a statue in marble, of modern sculpture, representing a person in a Roman toga; and we remember being almost shocked on being told, in answer to an inquiry, that it represented St. Ambrose. We could not give assent to our friendly and learned guide's arguments that this was the truer representation. *We could not bear to see the saint otherwise than as a bishop.* In like manner, we would have the raiment of the celestial hierarchy, where they appear upon earth, copied from that of the church here below. For the angels are represented to us as ministering at the altar in heaven, and our faith teaches us to consider the triumphant and the militant, but as portions of one indivisible church, and those blessed spirits as fellow-ministers with our visible priesthood. Moreover, the eye of the faithful is accustomed to consider the ecclesiastical garments, used only at the altar, as the most sacred of outward apparel, and more dignified, in truth, than the most splendid distinctions of mere secular rank.

¹ The Pre-Raphaelites are the artists of whom his eminence has the most hope, the condition of their safe arrival at the pinnacle of fame being, of course, their conversion to the Roman church. Under the guidance of real Catholic devotion it is promised that they

would produce such works as should compel all critics and all ages to admire them.

In spite, however, of these curious professional opinions — wherever the propagandist and the cardinal do not step out before the man of taste — this astute Roman churchman shows a good deal of honest relish for the beautiful, and can prove himself sometimes an able critic on a work of art. An example of his skill in this way occurs in an essay on Italian gesticulation, one of the pleasantest in the three volumes. We all know generally how abundantly Italians gesticulate, though some of us may learn now for the first time that the gestures employed in modern Italy are the same in kind and significance with those that have been represented in old statues or upon old prints, and referred to verbally even in the days of Plautus. Let us first indicate the fulness of the language of signs used in Italy:

To convey the idea that an individual is deceiving you, a friend will simply place his fingers between his cravat and his neck, and rub the latter slowly with the back of his hand. In the Neapolitan dialect the expression is, "*l'a menata dinto allo cravatino*," or "*n canna*;" "he has put it within his cravat," or "down his throat." The expression corresponds to our terms to *cram* and to *swallow*; and the gesture represents, most practically, the enlargement of the œsophagus necessary for conveying the deceit down the patient's throat. Hence, another symbol of the same idea consists in opening the mouth, and pretending to throw something into it from the united fingers of the right hand.

Almost every gesture may thus be traced to some proverbial or idiomatic phrase, as several other instances in the course of this paper will show. It is indeed necessary sometimes to travel through a long chain of ideas to comprehend a sign. Let us suppose a youth at a window, invited by one in the street to come down and walk, by a beckoning — not as amongst us with the fingers upwards, which would only mean salutation, but with them turned downwards, and repeatedly moved towards the palm. He answers by placing his hand, with all the fingers apart, before his face. What does this mean? Why, he thus represents himself as looking through the barred window of a prison; and so, communicates to his friend that domestic authority confines him to the house. In the neighborhood of Naples your carriage is sure to be followed by a covey of brats, who, well aware that you probably do not understand their slang, trust much more to the graphic language of gesture to excite your pity. For this purpose, they dispose their fore-finger and thumb in the form of a horse-shoe, and apply their points first vertically above and below the mouth, and then horizontally to its corners, alternating the movement with great rapidity. Unfortunately, the ludicrous, woe-begone expression of face which accompanies the action, usually destroys its intended pathos, and prevents even an acute observer from penetrating its poetry. It signifies

that the mouth has been cross-barred or sealed up; in other words, that the sufferer has had nothing to eat for a long time.

We remember observing a remarkable instance of quickness in the application of a symbol to a complicated idea, in a ragged little boy at Genoa, whose perseverance in mendicant supplication was rewarded by an Englishman with a *crazia*, a miserable copper-foil coin, half as thin and half as large as a wafer. An English beggar would have, perhaps, at once given vent to his indignation by throwing it on the ground; not so the little Italian. He placed the coin deliberately on the palm of his hand, brought it to the level of his mouth, and, with a roguish look at the giver, blew it away by a sharp puff upon the ground. The blow towards a person or thing is a strong expression of contempt; so that additional emphasis was given to the less refined mode of rejecting with disdain. But, at the same time, the action substantiated its own motive: the urchin most scientifically proved the cause of his discontent—the *lightness* of the present.

Dr. Wiseman multiplies illustrations, but we have space only for one set, gestures that relate to money:

We will only put one more case, which concerns the most engrossing of all conversational topics—money. You will ask if a man be rich or not, by an inquiring glance and nod towards him, at the same time that you strike your pocket, or rub the points of finger and thumb, as though counting out money. Your silent friend, by the proper nods, looks, and motions of the hands, tells you “no,” or “so, so,” or “exceedingly,” which last is expressed by a toss of the hand and head, and a half sort of whistle, or something between that and a hiss. Well, suppose the latter; you ask, by word or by look, how he has become so. Your informant, with his thumb, rubs his forehead from side to side, to signify that it was by the sweat of his brow, his industry and application. But perhaps he does not raise his hand so high, but takes hold of his cheek between his thumb and closed fingers, shaking the hand. That informs you that he has made his fortune by bribery and speculation. He may come lower still, and, doubling up his hand, put his thumb, bent like a hook, under his chin; and you shall understand that he has taken advantage of others' necessities for his profit, having placed a hook in their jaws. Or, the two clenched fists are pressed strongly upon the chest, which means that he has been avaricious, or, analogously to the action, “*close-fisted*.” In fine, the fingers are drawn in and closed, beginning with the first, and so to the last, making a species of curve, and the signification is, by theft and robbery. Should the answer have been unfavorable to the person's pecuniary condition, and you inquire the reason, as he was known once to have been rich, the reply may be no less varied. For instance, your informant, joining all the fingers of one or both hands together, as he wishes to be more or less emphatic, brings their tips near his mouth, and then, blowing on them a long,

deliberate puff, with swelled cheeks, withdraws and throws them open, as though they were blown asunder and scattered by the breath. This naturally indicates that the fortune of which you asked has been dissipated one hardly knows how, but by general inattention. Should he close up his fist, and, throwing back his head, point repeatedly with his extended thumb towards his mouth, he will assign drink as the sad cause. Should the same gesture be made with the united points of all the fingers and thumb, more solid extravagance, by eating, will be denoted. In fine, if, closing his left hand before his breast, as if holding something tight between his thumb and fore-finger, he, with the same finger of the right equally shut, appear to draw that imaginary thing out with difficulty, the meaning is, that gambling has been the ruinous practice; for the action represents a trick which gamblers have in drawing out a card from their hand.

And now for the application of this kind of knowledge of Italian life to works of art:

Universally admired as Leonardo da Vinci's “*Last Supper*” is, one of its principal beauties will be overlooked, if the action of the figures, as expressive of their words and sentiments, be not understood. Take, for instance, the figure of Judas. The gospel gives us two characteristics of him—that he was a thief, and carried a purse. The latter mark was easily seized on by every painter, and meant as emblematical of the first. Yet the sacred text represents the two as distinct. The genius of Leonardo alone contrived to keep them so in painting. In his right hand the traitor holds a purse; but his left is extended and slightly curved, in the very position we described as denoting theft, which in reality is imitative of the pilferer's act in drawing to him, and inclosing within his hand, the thing which he steals. The painter, too, by a clever device, left no doubt of the import of the action. For while all the rest of the bread on the table is of a coarse quality, he placed one white loaf just beyond Judas' hand, as the object towards which it was tending. By this simple expedient he not only defines the action, but gives us the most contemptible and detestable idea of the avaricious wretch, who could thus take advantage of the confusion which his master's home-driven declaration of a traitor's being among the company, made to pilfer a miserable morsel of finer bread. And in fact his attitude seems to represent him as looking round to see whether all are so engaged, that his hand, moving in an opposite direction from his eye, may perpetrate the theft.

If from this perfect incarnation of baseness we turn to the principal figure, the purest and sweetest expression imaginable of superhuman excellence, we have the attitude and action exactly required in loving expostulation; the hands thrown down with the palm upwards, and the head bent forward and inclined to one side. No other action could possibly so well express the words: “One of you is about to betray me.” It was a master thought of the artist's to select this moment for the subject of his picture of the last supper. Generally the institution

of the blessed Eucharist is chosen, which allows no room for the play of human passions, and must unite the expression of all the countenances in a common sentiment of love and adoration. But the moment here chosen, immediately after our Saviour had uttered the words just quoted, admitted every variety of expression, and a greater action. On his right we have St. John in the deepest attitude of affectionate grief—that is, with his hands crossed into one another. But Peter's predominant feeling is fervid zeal; pressing upon the back of Judas, treading upon his brother's foot, he urges John by the most energetic gesture to ascertain exactly who the traitor is. Any Italian would at once understand this upon seeing the fore-finger pressed upon John's breast. At the same time, his right arm akimbo, with a knife in his hand, too well expresses a determined purpose of defending, if necessary, by violence, the life of his master. Another of the apostles, however, meant for James, seized his shoulder to draw him back, while of the two other figures on that side, Andrew raises his hand in an attitude expressive of astonishment mingled with horror; and Philip, standing up, leans forward to ascertain the cause of a commotion, which his distance has not allowed him to hear. On the other side of our Saviour there is equal expression; one apostle is in the act of asking earnestly who is the wretch, and Jude, beside him, no less earnestly protesting his own innocence. His head leans on one side as he presses his hand to his bosom, appearing at the same time to open his vest, desirous to lay it bare before his master. The last figure on this side manifestly expresses that he considers the thing impossible, the position of the hands and head are such as, in Italy, would signify such a doubt; and the person standing up, by pointing with both his hands to our Lord, while his head is turned towards his incredulous companion, no less plainly answers him, by appealing to the express declaration of their Redeemer. Another between them is more calmly assuring him of the fact.

We have dwelt upon this sublime work of art, and selected it from a thousand others, both on account of its truly eloquent character, and because it is better known than most pictures, through the many prints and even medallions published of it. It is evident that an artist who wishes to paint an Italian scene, or who desires to rival the expressiveness of the great masters, should be fully acquainted with this language of signs, as practised in their country. Instead of the dry and almost inanimate colloquies held among us, every knot of talkers there presents a group with varied attitudes, expression, and gesture, ready to be drawn. It is the "pays de cocagne" of artists, where, if the streets are not paved with gold, living pictures run about them, seeming to call out, "Come and sketch me." A study of its peasantry is worth a thousand abstract treatises upon action and expression.

With this pleasant sample of the stuff that they contain we think that we shall leave

some of our readers in the mood to cultivate some further acquaintance with Dr. Wiseman's *Essays*.

In justice to our friends across the Atlantic, I must say, that, during the whole time I was at the Australian gold-fields, I never recollect an American being brought up either for robbery or anything else disreputable (unless it was for not having a license, and then but seldom): they generally seemed to keep together, and if people left them alone they would not interfere with anybody, but if others would make themselves obnoxious they might rest assured they were awkward customers to deal with. Whenever I had to settle a dispute between an American and any other nation, the former were invariably in the right; and I only wish all gold-diggers would listen to reason as well as they would, and doubtless many squabbles would be prevented. There was a dislike generally to them, on account of the manner in which any one almost was treated who went from Australia to California. Certainly nothing would be more likely to occur than such a feeling, considering that every one who went from the Australian Colonies to that El Dorado, no matter who he was or what he was, was looked upon as a "Sydneyite"—which was an insinuation that he was a convict, or had been one, or descended from one; at all events he must be connected, more or less, with convictism.

There was another class of people who were a most particularly quiet, orderly, well-disposed, and industrious set of people; and those were Germans and Hungarians—in fact, any almost from the central parts of Europe.

I think the most fortunate men, generally speaking, on the Diggings, were the Adelaide miners, who were mostly Cornishmen; also sailors, Germans, excavators, farm-laborers, and the general run of the lower orders of Irish; the most unfortunate, I think, were those who came under the denomination of "swell diggers," and soldiers, or men who have been soldiers; the latter, after a time, preferring the police force to mining. There was, however, several instances of great success attending gentlemen who were digging; one with whom I was myself acquainted cleared upwards of 3000*l*. in six weeks; but this was a rare occurrence.—*Read's Australia*.

Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament. St. Matthew. By the Reverend John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden.

The collection into a goodly volume of Dr. Cumming's practical exposition of Matthew's Gospel; which, after being tested by delivery in the pulpit, was published in weekly numbers. The work will be found a fresh and practical commentary on the Evangelist; drawing its learned matter from other writers, but illustrating what is derived by a living spirit.—*Spect.*

From the Athenæum.

THE PASSAGE OF THE PRUTH.

AT the present conjuncture the following Proclamation of Peter the Great, by which he raised Catharine to the throne of Russia, will probably be interesting to our readers; and the note thereto furnishes a striking lesson of what may happen to those who, with more ambition than prudence, cross the fatal Pruth. We have extracted them from a volume of Tracts published in London in 1729, and translated from the originals in the Slavonian and Russian languages by Thomas Consett, Chaplain to the British Factory in Russia. These two volumes of Tracts contain many other instructing and amusing subjects.

"We, Peter the First, Emperor and Sovereign of all Russia, &c. &c. &c. &c., manifest to the people of the spiritual, military, civil, and of all other ranks, our faithful subjects of the whole Russian nation. Whereas it is known to all that in all Christian kingdoms it is the constant custom of potentates to crown their wives, and not only in these times, but anciently the most famous Grecian Emperors frequently did this: namely, the Emperor Basilus crowned his wife Zenobia; the Emperor Justinian, Lupitsia; the Emperor Heraclius, Martinia; the Emperor Leo, his wife Maria; these all crowned their wives with the imperial diadem. And others did the same, which we think it needless on this occasion to instance more at large. And whereas it is well known, during a war of twenty-one years, that we underwent the most hazardous toil, and even exposed our person to the perils of death itself for our country's good; that by God's assistance we have put an end to the war, that Russia never before had seen so honorable and advantageous a peace, and in all their affairs never had so great a glory. In which our toils above written, our beloved consort, the Sovereign Catharine, was a great aid and support, and not only herein, but in several military expeditions, without regard to the imbecility and tenderness of her sex, resolutely of her own accord was present with us, and gave us all possible assistance, especially in the battle with the Turks at the Prude* (where our

army was only 22,000 and the Turks 270,000), in that critical juncture she behaved herself not like a woman but a man, whereof our whole army will witness and can testify to our whole empire. Wherefore, by virtue of the power we have from God to honor our Consort, for these her labors, with a coronation and crown, which, God willing, we pur-

stroyed by action, he thought it most advisable to save their lives by surrendering themselves prisoners of war, and himself took the resolution, with a small body, to force his own way through the enemy, in which attempt should he fall he had bound his arm with a white ribbon for distinction sake; but this was a resolution so desperate, that as it drew tears from all about him, so it made them think of every remedy and expedient rather than their prince should run such a risk of life, whose preservation they declared themselves willing to ransom at the expense of their own lives and fortunes. And in this greatest emergency the thought very fortunately occurred to the Empress herself (then his mistress), and that was to bribe the Grand Vizier with a sum of money; which she no sooner proposed than it was approved and resolved upon, and a trumpeter sent to the Grand Vizier, who accepted the proposal, and came immediately to a treaty with the Czar. It is said she had a great sum along with her in gold and jewels, which she had frugally hoarded up as the tokens of his royal favor, and that now, though sorry for the occasion, she expressed her joy to the Czar that she was capable of making this application of them for his majesty's service and preservation. It is certain her example and influence was so successful that a large collection was made in the army to answer the demands of the Grand Vizier; and by this public stratagem the Czar and his army were happily delivered from the last misery and ruin. No sooner was the Czar got out of this labyrinth, than in the face of the whole army he gratefully acknowledged her the author of his deliverance, and with due applauses for her undaunted courage and noble presence of mind in such an imminent danger he proclaimed her his wife and his children by her legitimate. And from this time the Czar received and treated her as his queen with all the honors and dignities of that character; and, what was a singular and rare example to his people, with the most endearing and undissembled friendship and conjugal affection, and at length crowned her Empress, at Moscow, on the 7th of May, 1724, in pursuance of this edict, notwithstanding some affairs of importance had intervened, which detained the Czar in Petersburg this winter, and occasioned this alteration of time prefixed for her coronation. And this was a redemption indeed to the Czar, and a very fortunate deliverance in such an imminent danger, either of being made a prisoner or destroyed with all his forces, the consequences of which were yet bad enough, for he was obliged to quit the conquests he had made on the borders of the Tartars along the Euxine, who are all tributary to the Grand Seigneur, to surrender Asoph, which he had been in possession of near fifteen years, and therewith to lay aside all hopes of carrying on a design of bringing a fleet into the Euxine, and to desist from opening the communication for that purpose betwixt the Don and the Volga at Camishinka, and to leave his allies, the Wallachians and Moldavians, to the resentment of the Turks, for their intended revolt to the Czar.

* At this place, in 1711, by an over-hasty march with a part only of his army, and probably by some mistake in his intelligence, the Czar was advanced too near the enemy, and presently surrounded and distressed by their great numbers, and thereby his provisions and succors being intercepted, he was reduced to the last extremity of want and despair. In this unhappy circumstance of his affairs, he made several strenuous efforts to extricate himself out of this difficulty, and his soldiers in a few small engagements gave the enemy a sufficient proof of their bravery; but being too sensible of the inequality of engaging such superior numbers with so small a force, and rather than expose his army to be inevitably de-

pose to effect at Moscow this present winter. This our intention we notify to all our faithful subjects, to favor whom we of our imperial grace are immutably inclined.

"Given at St. Petersburg, November the 15th, 1723, signed and subscribed with his Imperial Majesty's own hand.

(L. S.)

"PETER."

Printed at St. Petersburg by the Senate, November 18, 1723.

From Household Words.

CROWNS IN LEAD.

BEFORE railways were established, the traveller from Paris to Boulogne, whilst journeying down those vales of dust they called a road, which was confined between great rows of trees from which all shade was taken by the lopping of the lower branches, the spire of St. Denis was a well-known object. Towering above the plain, it was visible for miles around, and formed a beacon for the stranger who approached the capital. That spire is now no more, and the basilica of which King Dagobert and St. Elvi laid the lowest stones is lopped of its most precious relics. What outliers would be heard from the architects, antiquaries, and lovers of the picturesque in England, if Westminster Abbey were treated thus! But suppose a greater desecration—suppose the tombs were rifled; the bones of our kings and queens removed; our generals, and admirals, and poets, taken from their resting-places and thrown into the Thames; under what pretence could the despoilers screen themselves?

The Abbey of St. Denis has been thus despoiled. It is not alone deprived externally of that which made its fame, but it has been rifled also of all that age makes sacred. The sepulchres and monuments are there; you mark the spots where anxious tourists have lopped off a finger or a nose to carry away and place in their museums; but the bones or ashes which these monuments were wont to cover have been gone for many years. Not a King of France, since Dagobert, remains; for the grim assaults of the republic no more spared the long departed than the living. We know that the bones of Cromwell were taken at the Restoration and hung upon a gibbet; that the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy were opened at Dijon for purposes of plunder. We know that, for curiosity and in search of food for history, the old Egyptian sepulchres have been rifled, and that their linen-covered and well-preserved contents adorn the museums of the world; and we are told that grains of wheat were found in one of them, which, being planted, grew, and left a progeny whose yearly produce feeds the English people. Of the tombs of all the Cæsars only one remains undesecrated,

for heaps of gold were thought to rest in them; but the object of the French republicans, when they swept the tombs of their ancient kings, was not gold. They required lead.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three, when France was hemmed in by hungry enemies who pressed upon her undefended frontiers, the manufacture of warlike missiles did not keep pace with their consumption. Measures of extraordinary kinds were then resorted to to fill this void. To get saltpetre, the collars of every house were dug and sifted till not a particle of salt remained. The roofs were stripped of everything that could be melted into bullets; pots and pans and leaden spouts were melted down. All was insufficient; and, as a last resource, it was determined to exhume the old sarcophagi of St. Denis, to pass them through the bullet mould, and throw the venerable relics into a common ditch.

An edict was therefore passed by which that energetic body, the Constituent Assembly, called upon the municipals of La Française—for so St. Denis had then been christened, from patriotic hatred of a saint—to enter the basilica, and open in succession the tombs of all those tyrants, the kings of France, despoil their coffins of the lead contained in them, and mix the bones and ashes of the royal houses in a common tomb. On the evening of its reception the orders were proceeded with. There was no faltering. A troop of soldiers accompanied by diggers with picks and shovels, and armed with torches, and with frying-pans, for burning vinegar and powder, entered the abbey; and—whilst the lurid glare lit up the aisles and colonets, which the smoke blackened; amidst the crash of piling muskets and the oaths of mustachioed veterans—the work began.

In searching for the relics of the Bourbons the workmen were not at first successful; and by a strange fatality it was not a king they first dug up; but, on raising the earth from the first tomb, they found the frame and features of the great Turenne. They treated him with great respect; that is to say, they left him in his coffin, placed him in the sacristy, where he was shown for months, at a penny per head; and, afterwards, in the Garden of Plants, where he was shown for nothing. They then interred him beneath a splendid monument erected on the spot where he was disinterred.

The scrutiny proceeded, and at last they found a Bourbon. He was perfect. The lineaments were those of Henry of Navarre, the father of that long line of Louises of whom the last had recently met with so melancholy a death. His beard, mustache, and hair were perfect; and, as the soldiers standing round looked on in awe at the strange

spectacle, one of them drew his sword, and, casting himself down before the body of the victor of the League, lopped off one of his mustaches, and placed it upon his own lip, giving vent, at the same time, to a vehement burst of national enthusiasm.

There was no enthusiasm when the pick and shovel had laid bare the cold and vacillating features of the thirteenth Louis; which were in perfect preservation also; but it was not without respect and admiration that Louis the Fourteenth, decrepit though he seemed and deprived of wig and every other ornament which adorned him when called "The Great," was exposed to view. Near him were discovered Maria Theresa and his son the dauphin; on whose frame were visible the traces of his violent and untimely death.

For days and nights the search continued. Some of the remnants of the House of Stuart were taken from the ground. Among others, the remains of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles the First, and her daughter, Henrietta Stuart. Strange that of that family the body of the father should be buried in an unknown grave, and that, ages after, the remnants of those he loved should be desecrated, and thrown into a common ditch. Philip of Orleans, father of Egalité, and Regent of France, was next discovered; and near him Louis the Fifteenth, who seemed still living, so rosy were the tints on his face preserved. Mary of Medicis and Anne of Austria, and, with them, all the relatives of Henry the Fourth, Louis the Fifteenth, and Louis the Sixteenth, lay close together near the same spot.

Older monuments, more difficult of reach, were then broken into. Charles the Fifth of France, who died in thirteen hundred and eighty, was found beside his wife, Joan of Bourbon, and his daughter Isabella. In his coffin was a silver-frosted crown, a hand of justice, and a silver-frosted sceptre four feet long. In that of Joan there were the remnants of a crown, a ring of gold, and the fragments of a spindle and a bracelet. Her feet—or the bones of them—were shod with a pair of painted slippers, known in her time as *souliers à la poulaine*, on which were still the marks of gold and silver workmanship. Charles the Sixth and his wife, Isabeau of Bavaria, Charles the Seventh and Mary of Anjou, were taken up immediately after; and the ditch in which the remnants of all the Bourbons had been thrown was closed forever.

A vault was then disclosed in which were found Marguerite de Valois, the gay and beautiful wife of Henry of Navarre; and near her Alençon, whose love for her originated a romantic chapter in history. The remains of Francis the Second and Mary Elizabeth,

daughter of Charles the Ninth, were next disinterred. The vault of Charles the Eighth, which was next opened, contained Henry the Second and his wife, Catherine de Medicis, and her favorite son, Henry the Third, who was murdered. Louis the Twelfth and Anne of Brittany were discovered a little further on.

The workmen began at this time to reach the oldest tombs and vaults in the Abbey. They discovered Joan of France in a stone coffin lined with lead in strips, leaden coffins not being then invented (one thousand three hundred and forty-nine). Hugues, the father of Capet, was known by an inscription on a stone sarcophagus, which contained his ashes. The pulverized remains of Charles the Bold were also found enclosed within a leaden casket in a stone sarcophagus, and the relict of Philip Augustus, contemporary and competitor of Cœur de Lion, were found in the same state. The bones of Louis the Eighth were found in perfect preservation in a bag of leather, which retained its elasticity although buried in the year one thousand two hundred and twenty-six.

At dead of night and by the light of torches held by weary troopers, the searchers stumbled on the sealed stone vault which contained the body of Dagobert, who died in six hundred and thirty-eight. Did the profanators know that he had founded that old church? It was with difficulty that they penetrated into it, so strongly was it buttressed and closed up. They broke a statue at the entrance and found inside a wooden box, two feet in length, which contained the bones of Dagobert and his wife Nanthilde, who died in six hundred and forty-five, both enveloped and kept together in a silken bag.

The skeleton of the Knight of Brittany—Bertrand Duguesclin—the terror of the Spaniards, was found in the vaults of the chapel of the Charles'.

It was not till after long and laborious search that the vault of Francis the First was found. The leaden coffin which held his body was of gigantic proportions, and confirmed the historical accounts of his enormous size. Near him were his mother Louise of Savoy, his wife Claude of France, his dauphin Charles, and his other children the Duke of Orleans and Charlotte of France. The thigh of Francis on being measured was found to be twenty inches long. Below the windows of the choir the vault was opened which contained the relics of St. Louis and his immediate circle. They were chiefly bones and dust confined in leaden caskets, and were thrown into the grave where lay the remnants of Philip Augustus, Louis the Eighth, and Francis the First.

The last tombs discovered were those of Philip of Valois, King of France and Duke of Burgundy, and his wife Anne of Burgundy

and that of John, who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince and brought to England, where he died in one thousand three hundred and sixty-four. In the tomb of Philip and his wife were found a sceptre, and a bird of copper, a spindle, and a ring; and in the tomb of John a crown, a sceptre, and a hand of justice of silver gilt. The searching after this was given up. Thus the Abbey of St. Denis was despoiled of its most ancient relics.

THE French astronomer, La Caille, had contracted the very wearisome habit of reading and writing with one eye only; the other eye was specially reserved by him for the purpose of telescopic observation. By this means, however, he succeeded in obtaining very interesting results; for instance, he was enabled to discern with ease and precision the height of the stars above the horizon of the sea; an observation generally very uncertain, on account of the difficulty of clearly distinguishing the horizon in the obscurity of night. It does not appear that any astronomer since his time has sought to conform himself to so difficult a practice.

From the Examiner, 27th Aug.

TO SPORTSMEN AND OTHERS. — SOME GOOD FISHING TO BE SOLD.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the swindle of Tom Provis, a "plant" on a scale of far greater magnitude has been attempted in the United States, by the proposed sale of all the fisheries on the coast of British North America; the seller being an individual not altogether unknown to fame, hight the "Earl of Stirling," and the purchaser Mr. Robert J. Walker, on the part of a company, including, it is said, amongst its members, a distinguished statesman, one of the most prominent bankers of Washington, and several leading capitalists in Wall street. The "Earl of Stirling" is described as "a man of venerable appearance" (probably resembling "Old Cosmogony" in the "Vicar of Wakefield"), "some seventy years of age, of dignified and courteous manners, and of well-established personal honor and integrity." This noble earl claims as heir of his ancestor, Sir William Alexander, of Menstrie, Scotland, Viscount of Canada, Viscount and Earl of Stirling, and Earl of Dovan, to whom royal charters under the great seal were granted, which were recognized and confirmed by act of Parliament in the presence of King Charles the First, and which give him, say his documents, amongst other trifles, such as fifty leagues of territory on each bank of the St. Lawrence, the complete right of fishing within six leagues of the shores of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, &c., to the extent of three thousand miles. It is alleged by this vast piscatorial claimant:

That courts of competent jurisdiction have judicially established that the present Earl of Stirling

is lineally descended from the first Earl of Stirling, and the real heir to his titles and estates; that the titles of the present Earl of Stirling have been officially recognized on the most solemn occasions in England and Scotland; and, further, that the Earl of Stirling's name was inserted upon the great roll of the peers of Scotland in 1831, a roll inscribed in the archives of the King at Edinburgh, drawn up by order of the House of Lords, entered upon its register, and transcribed upon its minutes. Since that period the Earl of Stirling has voted again at the general elections of 1835 and 1837. His name is also entered on the list of those peers who competed at those elections — lists recorded in the royal archives of the Upper House. From these lists results the proof that from 1825 to 1837 the present Earl of Stirling, always recognized in his rights, voted during a period of twelve years as peer of Scotland, without effective protest. And also that he was not only recognized by his peers and the magistrates and courts of Edinburgh, but that the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, Earl Grey, the Prime Minister, the Lords of the Committee of Council, in the king's name, corresponded officially with the Earl of Stirling, and addressed him by his title.

So far all goes swimmingly; but, says the "Morning Chronicle":

Thanks to Townsend's "Modern State Trials," we know a little too much of this "Lord Stirling." If "Our Washington Correspondent" will take the trouble to look into that interesting collection, he will find that, in the year 1839, a Mr. Alexander Humphreys, or Humphreys Alexander, was tried before the High Court at Edinburgh, on a charge of forging documents to assist him in substantiating his claim to the earldom of Stirling. The trial was one of the most interesting ever known in Scotland, and although a majority of the jury decided that the guilt of the accused was "not proven," they were unanimously of opinion that the papers in question were for the most part a mass of forgeries. As for the fact that Mr. Alexander was allowed, "without effective protest," to assume the designation of an earl of Scotland, it proves nothing; for, so long as property is not concerned, people may help themselves to titles pretty much as they please. Even the circumstance that he voted at elections as a Scottish earl does not establish the genuineness of his claim; for, as was shown at the trial, the polling clerks were bound to take his vote when it was tendered.

In the mean time, however, the Honorable Robert J. Walker, formerly Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, has taken up the affair, entertaining "an undoubted conviction" that rather a good thing may be made of it.

[Why might not the United States protect his lordship's claim as England does that of the Monquito King? We might then settle the Fishery Question by some compromise as in the other case.]

— *Living Age*.

From the Spectator, 27th Aug.

ALLIANCES EAST AND WEST.

By whatever settlement the Turkish dispute may be hushed up, it is impossible that the experience which it has afforded can be entirely wasted. This country knows, far better than it did before, how it stands with some of the parties to the transactions in that quarter of the world. The altered position of Russia in English estimation we have already noted. At the beginning, the word of the emperor was thought to be his bond, believed against the evidence of commencing facts. At the end, the very acts of the emperor will share the suspicion that now attaches to his words; and if the affair be patched up in accordance with law, we have at least discovered in regard to Russia that her will to break the law of Europe is meted only by her power; that her alliance is observed only while it serves her own purposes. The position of Austria is in many respects more vague and more complicated, and more to be considered as a question apart; but in this Russian matter we have found her showing at the commencement an extraordinary unreadiness to stand by that public law which she of all others has put to the severest strain for her own purposes; and at the last joining in the negotiations for the maintenance of order with a peculiar degree of mental reservation. Prussia has been simply unintelligible; and no power speaks of her in diplomatic documents without a marked reserve, indicating either ignorance of her intentions or mistrust. In regard to France, we need not dwell upon the short time which has been as yet allowed to the emperor to consolidate his own power, in itself so recent and originating in events so dubious; but we may point to the circumstance that his present position amongst the powers of Europe is characterized by every trait of uncertainty. At first the powers emulated each other in avoiding the connection; England, among the principal states, being the sole exception to that rule. If the Emperor Napoleon were a man of less inscrutable disposition, it might be supposed that the close alliance which he has observed with Great Britain during the Turkish quarrel was dictated by a sense of that early recognition. It is, however, an evident fact that the powers which held back from him are now making advances; and it would be an obvious stroke to acquire him for that side in European politics, to which accident, or the early mistake of Absolutist powers, has placed him in opposition. Russia treats "Napoleon III." with a newborn courtesy; and Austria, which has been peculiarly marked in retreating from too familiar intercourse, is now picking its envoys to his military fête with a nicety of selection intended to render the com-

pliment the more exquisite. Great prizes might be surrendered to a potentate who has shown such remarkable and such unexpected skill in the acquisition of available power. And, however our leading statesmen may have reason to trust in the professions of Louis Napoleon's ministers, the whole circumstances of Europe, and consequently the ultimate balance of interests for France, are too doubtful for those who observe at a distance to place implicit faith in the ultimate grouping of European alliances. The general tendency of the great powers of Europe draws them into a closer sympathy amongst themselves than they can feel toward our island state. The policy towards which they incline is one in which it is impossible for England thoroughly to share. Those states which have the greatest community of feeling and of political principles with us, are either in a minor rank, or under oppression. England can scarcely feel any strong footing in the alliances to the East of Greenwich.

Contemporaneously, events have tended much to simplify and smooth our relations to the west of that meridian. The embarrassing and prematurely vexed question of Cuba has been happily closed by mutual consent on the part of the powers whom it had drawn into negotiations; and England is happily released from any greater implication in the decaying Transatlantic interests of Spain. Recent indications have led to a hope that commercial and anti-slavery jealousies between England and Brazil are subsiding. It is to be hoped also that the intrigues who are raising new factions in Mexico have failed in implicating our government in their schemes. The other minor states of America never can cause us much trouble. Our own colonies to the west at no time promised to be more cordial than they now are. No important question can arise save with regard to our relations towards the United States, and these appear to have decidedly improved. The trouble in the waters of the fisheries has been settled by directness and moderation on both sides. The convention concluded between the English and American governments, of which the text has just been published, establishes a means of settling reciprocal claims on the two governments by a mixed commission, in a summary and final mode; it not only tends to brush away petty sources of vexation that might grow into great calamities, but still more importantly exemplifies the disposition of the two governments to eradicate causes of misunderstanding. The declaration of the sailors at South Shields, when they were stipulating for the exclusion of foreigners from English ships, that they regarded American and British sailors as the same, is reflected in the conduct of the people about the Exhibition of Industry at New York, American or English,

who appeal to each other for help in explaining matters to "foreigners" addressing them in alien tongues. The expedition of Lieutenant Maury, to invoke that aid from master mariners and government in this country which he has already secured from his own, in reducing to a code the laws of winds and currents on the ocean, for the benefit of mankind, coupled with his hearty reception both by the commercial world and the official, illustrates the community of feeling, the community of interest and object, as it does the community of path in which the two great nations proceed. There must always be differences between countries so differently circumstanced; but whatever may be the reciprocal diversity of opinion on the ascendant policy in either country—whatever the differences between the rough democracy which rather courts contest and change, and the smooth conservatism which avoids vicissitude or concussion—the difference is but an exaggeration of the same diversity of opinion which may be found between different parties in the capital of either country. In fine, with a community of objects, of views, and of language, the two countries have a fellow-feeling, and in many respects an inevitable unity of action. The substantial of their relations are stronger than the parchment basis of alliances to the east; and hence we cannot but feel, after the experiences of the summer, a stronger trust in leaning on the friendship of our natural relatives than in returning to the diplomatic friendships of the European continent.

From the Spectator, 27th Aug.

MOVEMENTS OF AUSTRIA.

WHEN a storm is gathering, can you tell the motives of the clouds? Can you find why it is that they change posture and color? You know that it is in obedience to some law; you know that it is to fulfil the storm which is destined; but you cannot frame a motive—you can only watch.

It is with some such feeling now that one looks upon the movements of Austria; her expansion in this or that direction; or a break in her sullen surface; or a gilding of the edge, which seems to imply that the storm is to pass over without concussions. It is possible that not one in Austria—not the very Emperor, who sits at its centre—can tell you what the meaning of it all is; can point to any settled purpose, or explain the vast movements which excite the speculation of the day. What are the Austrian intentions in Serbia? Russia has roused the whole public opinion of Europe by an invasion of Turkey and of the European system. Austria, whose very existence is bound up with that system, first hesitated to join in the protest; ultimately

did so; and latterly has been offering to the Prince of Serbia an imitation of the Russian occupation of the Principalities! It is understood that the Austrian occupation would have this difference, that it would be conceived in a sense friendly to the Suzerain. But who can divine the motives of a movement in Serbia?

The Emperor of Austria, it is said, is adverse to the idea of winning favorable opinions by good actions, strongly confident in the system of direct coercion; yet just before his birthday, he raises the state of siege in Vienna, Prague, and some other places in his dominions. This looks like a glimpse of the sunshine; yet it is a very slight glimpse after the sullen blackness which has prevailed ever since 1848.

The blockade of Switzerland is closer than ever; scarce a loaf of bread, it is said, can pass. If the clouds are moving from the Austrian sun, it does not shine upon the little republic.

But it does shine by alliance matrimonial on Belgium—that limited monarchy and manufacturing state, which has so limited a political affinity with Austria. An Austrian princess is married to the crown prince of Belgium, after a decided fraternizing of the king and the emperor. Is Belgium to be protected by Austria? is Austria about to be rather more liberal than she has been?—questions which are raised, but not answered, by royal marriages. It is an incident of such alliances that they lead to great expectations and often disappoint them. What help could Leopold furnish to his father-in-law Louis Philippe? what service has Leopold's marriage done him with the present Emperor of the French? of what use to the first Napoleon was his Austrian marriage?

The Emperor of Austria himself is in want of a wife: it is certain that the partner of his heart should have a due amount of royal affinities; and he selects the daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, judicious and conservative son of the poetic father who abdicated in a paroxysm of admiration for Lola Montes—the Marc Antony of a Cleopatra that did not die for him. The marriage reminds calculating politicians that Austria has hitherto favored the project of a South German Customs Union, as opposed to Prussia and the Zollverein. Strange that the most natural acts of kings must always have the most farfetched interpretations! Young Francis Joseph and the young Princess of Bavaria are united, and in the publication of the bans the quidnunc sees the germs of a Customs Union. Yet the quidnunc is not *always* mistaken. If not a Customs Union, a matrimonial union is now pushed, by the south of Germany along the Rhine, even to Belgium; forbidding the "natural boundary" to France, and placing Prussia,

whose conservatives are newly protesting against the Russian leanings of her court, between the two great rival empires which aid and suspect each other. The mutations on the clouded map of Europe excite while they baffle curiosity.

From the Examiner, 3d Sept.

THE PREDICAMENT OF TURKEY.

TURKEY is soundly rated for not accepting the terms proposed by her four excellent friends at Vienna promptly and gladly. How ungrateful of her to slight the offices of the kind mediators on her behalf! how impolitic to make difficulties about conditions, and to run a chance of breaking off negotiations which have been brought to such a happy pass, the Russian troops meanwhile pouring into the provinces in token of sincerity and good faith!

Contrast, too, the conduct of the Czar with that of the Porte. How ready was his imperial majesty to accept the arrangement which had been concocted with no other design than to be acceptable to him (his own *ultimatum* substantially, differently couched), while the Sultan is unreasonable and ungracious enough to be fastidious about the method of appeasing his invader! How apposite is the trite saying, "Beggars must not be choosers!" Here is a power whose independence is the fond concern of Europe, and who yet presumes to be independent. She forgets that her independence is out at a dry-nurse. The Sultan is in fact like a man engaged in a duel, who is in the hands of his seconds, and who has nothing to do but to hold the pistol and take mighty good care that it does not go off. In this particular affair, indeed, there is this novel peculiarity, that while the one party is kept strictly in an attitude of peace, he has his toes trodden on, and his nose pulled by his adversary; friends advising that such acts, however unpleasant to the sufferer, should not be regarded in the light of hostilities. And while these little liberties are proceeding with great vigor and show of persistence, the Sultan is found much to blame for not meeting Russia half-way to shake hands. But is the posture a fair one for that act of reconciliation? Can you shake hands pleasantly with a man who is treading on your toes with all the weight and vigor he can command? That Vienna note was doubtless a note of peace; but what sort of accompaniment to it is that heard in the invaded provinces, the drum of in-pouring forces, the rumbling of long trains of artillery, and of baggage-wagons and materials of war for a long occupation, or a military settlement?

In what humor can Turkey be for fair words while she is suffering these foul deeds, her

territory invaded, her authority usurped, her tribute seized as a conqueror's spoil?

But, say her excellent friends, the like of which have surely never comforted the unfortunate since the days of Job, "Close with Russia on the terms proposed; and if the Czar prove faithless, and persist in his aggressions, it will put him so much more in the wrong in the eyes of the whole world."

And what then? may naturally ask the Porte. "He has got my provinces, and that wrong is not wrong enough for a *casus belli*; he may next, upon the policy of putting him more in the wrong, be permitted to possess himself of Constantinople, and what note-writing at Vienna, or plotting of four wise heads, will patch up the Turkish Empire after the consummation?" It is very well for kind friends to desire to see what lengths a wrong-doer will go, but it is extremely inconvenient to the sufferer to be the subject of this sort of experiment.

But then comes the grand argument, "You will be ruined if you refuse accommodation; in plain, honest words, submission." To which the Turkish response may well be, that the choice seems to be ruin in either alternative, the only question being one of time; and that, if the empire is doomed to fall, it is better that it should fall at once with dignity, than be dragged through humiliation after humiliation to the same final doom. But this issue would not suit the game of the four powers, which is neither for a stand nor for a fall, but for a *tertium quid*; economizing as it were the decline of the Ottoman Empire, suffering the fabric to be loosened for the next easy process of separation upon the next equally easy pretext.

The four powers would avoid two things; war on the one hand, and the open disgrace and serious evils of abandoning Turkey on the other. Both these things are staved off, in present appearance at least, by a compromise which, though it may not seem to give up much in substance, will nevertheless leave Turkey injured without reparation, strip her of the prestige of European protection, and with cruel distinctness define and map out her weakness. This is the first instalment of her ruin. Husbanded economically, she may be made what the French cooks call "a piece of resistance," for Russia to cut and come again, for some few years; and when nothing remains worth contending for, then, and not till then, the spirit of Europe will be roused to repel Muscovite aggression and ambition, and Besika Bay will not bound English daring, and our fleets will probably have to fight their way through the Turkish waters precisely when nothing remains worth fighting for.

It is the fashion to rejoice that the Czar has discovered his true character, that he has

shown the cloven-foot; but the foot, cloven as it is, has triumphantly trampled on rights which the great powers of Europe were bound to protect both by interest and honor. And though Russia has lost in moral respect, the opinion of her power and weight is immensely augmented by the very wrongful position she has been permitted to assume with impunity. The bold bad man has had his way; and the boasted combination to restrain him has after all left him master of the situation, and of advantages dishonestly seized which will henceforth be turned to further and most important account. The conduct of this question is to be judged by this fact, that the only party who gains in the transaction is the wrong-doer.

The *Times*, arguing that Turkey is to blame for hesitating to accept the proffered terms, observes:—

The Porte is morally bound by its own proposal of the 26th of May. It will be remembered that when Prince Menschikoff was on the eve of his departure, on the 19th of May, he reduced his demands to a note, which has ever since been termed the Russian *ultimatum*. That was rejected; but a few days later Redschid Pasha produced the draught of another note, which as the Sultan's minister he was ready to sign, and this was communicated to the Four Powers. The whole question lay, therefore, between these two notes, which were respectively the most advanced stage of the negotiation on either side.

But has nothing happened between the framing of these notes and the arrangement at Vienna? May not the invasion of the provinces fairly cause the Porte to reconsider its proposals, and to withhold, under duress, concessions which it might have made without dishonor before coercion was attempted? Neither party stood in the same relations to the other in May and in August. In May the Czar had not taken forcible possession of the "material guarantee" for the extortion of his unjust demands; nor had the Sultan's authority and respect in the eyes of his subjects been shaken by the example that a flagrant insult and wrong could be done to him without summoning his allies to the rescue—their fleets skulking in Besika Bay, while the Muscovite forces, in contempt of treaties, were filling the principalities, and trampling the sovereign rights under foot. If there had been a counterpoise to that aggression, the case would have been of less difficulty to Turkey. Had the combined fleets entered the Dardanelles when the Russians crossed the Pruth, the support on the one hand would have balanced against the invasion on the other, and negotiation might have proceeded on the part of Turkey without the disadvantage and dishonor of an apparent submission to coercion.

The powers may have taken the course

most suitable to their common interests; but, however that may be, it is most unfair to blame Turkey for not accepting a humiliation and injury with alacrity and eagerness. She is told to be grateful; but for what? The Turks know thoroughly well that it is not for any love of them that Europe is so anxious about their preservation. Not a tongue would wag, not a finger would be raised to avert the destruction of the Turkish empire, were it not for the fear of the scramble for the carcasses and the derangement of the balance of power by the dismemberment. If the great powers can see any way of letting down Turkey without that danger to themselves, they will not scruple to sacrifice their old friend to their new convenience. They let Russia gain a point now as preferable to war;—the calculation may, or may not, be a correct one; but do not ask Turkey to be grateful for an arrangement which is all at her own expense, either in honor or interest. It is the beginning of her end. She has now woful experience what a pliant reed is the western alliance against the inflexible iron will of the northern foe—always bearing on to his object, never losing ground, except as the wave of a flowing tide retires to swell the advance of the next surge.

Amongst the things settled for a time, in this eastern affair, is certainly the English name in European repute. Waving all question of the justice of the judgment, it cannot be denied that the position of England is lowered in the eyes of the world. Perhaps the previous estimation of our country was exaggerated, perhaps we were elevated by a sort of moral refraction, and are now seen at our true level, and the level is, comparatively at least, a humble one. What Europe imagined to be a bulwark against the encroachments of Russia, or any other power, has turned out to be nothing more than a counter, crowned by way of citadel with a gill. Such is the change of view. The Germans say that England, reversing the lot of Francis, has saved all but honor. Be the truth as it may, and the judgments of the world are always in excess one way or the other, our *prestige* is wofully diminished; and for some time to come it will behove us to carry a low sail, and to abate our pretensions to some accord with the real lowliness of our aims, and their repute in the opinion of the world. To illustrate our present figure in Europe, *Punch* must design Britannia put in the corner in Besika Bay.

Both consistency and a decent pride would now counsel the disbanding of our forces, so that whenever the next occasion may arise for supporting an ally against wrong, we may be enabled to plead in excuse our inability to afford the succor. Unarmed, the world may give us credit for a spirit wanting only the means for display; but what is to be thought

of the man armed cap-a-pie who waits round the corner while his friend's house is being broken open. The arms of England have been accustomed to many hard knocks, but to knock under with them is a new use, which doubtless finds infinite favor in the eyes of the Peace Association. The part played may have been the wisest and best possible, but it clearly could dispense with armies and navies; and the retrenchment would save both money and pride, when the business is to yield. See how secure woman is in the strength of weakness, and let Britannia doff her theatrical trumpery of muniments for show, assume the Quaker bonnet instead of the casque, and place her trust in the respect for helplessness.

From the Examiner, 3d Sept.

AMERICA AND AUSTRIA.

Much praise has been not undeservedly bestowed on those maxims which the founders of the American constitution left for the guidance of succeeding generations; and perhaps none of the principles adopted by American statesmen have been the subject of more unqualified approval than the rule to which they have generally adhered of refraining from all interference in European politics. We shall not stop to inquire whether the admiration with which this abstinence has been repaid by Eastern nations is entirely disinterested; but we may be permitted to doubt whether Franklin himself would have insisted on its perpetual observance, if he could have foreseen the unparalleled progress in wealth and population which his country has made, the height of power to which she has arrived, and the invention which has brought the old world almost into contact with the new.

But whatever opinion may be entertained on this point, it is impossible to doubt that the day is not far distant when America will break through the restraint to which she has hitherto submitted, and will play no secondary part in the decision of those great questions on the solution of which the future destiny of Europe depends.

An apparently trifling and every-day occurrence, the illegal capture of a Hungarian refugee by an Austrian officer, has been sufficient to make manifest the deep and eager interest taken by the people of the United States in the affairs of Europe; and we verily believe, from all we see stated in connection with the incident, that the *New York Tribune* by no means exaggerates the popular feeling on the subject when it says that, although it knows not whether Captain Ingraham is a whig, a free-soiler, or a democrat, yet certain it is, nevertheless — that if he had sunk

the Austrian ship of war to the bottom, he would have been the next president of the United States.

It is evident, then, that the Austrian government has been guilty of no trifling error in bringing formally under the notice of other European cabinets the affront and injury which she professes to have sustained. It would be next to impossible for the American government, even if convinced that Captain Ingraham was in the wrong, to make any concession to Austria; and it is equally certain that Austria, even though backed by her Russian ally, will obtain no redress by force of arms from America. An American President is as little in the habit of yielding as a Russian Czar. Blustering will not succeed with the Senate, however effectual it may have been with a House of Lords. Austrian officers must therefore be taught to let alone gentlemen who are provided with American passports, and to confine their amusements to cutting down Englishmen; a sport which experience has shown they may enjoy with perfect impunity.

But the appearance of America on the theatre of European politics may well afford a subject for reflection if not for disquietude to English statesmen. The power and security of England depend chiefly on her naval superiority; France is the only European state which can compete in this respect with England, and her inferiority is so considerable that Frenchmen even cannot refuse to acknowledge it. No efficient assistance could be rendered by Russia to France in a war against England, unless she had previously obtained possession of Constantinople so as to liberate her fleet in the Euxine. As long, therefore, as the *status quo* in the Mediterranean is maintained, the preëminence of England at sea is unassailable, and her communication with India secure. But when the United States shall have obtained, as in a short time they undoubtedly will obtain, a naval station in the East, it is by no means improbable that the ambition of the American people, heightened by the contemplation of an overflowing treasury, will impel them to assume the high position amongst the nations of Europe which England appears to be weary of retaining — for when did the *first* place ever want a candidate long! — And as the British government has proclaimed by its organs, and yet more emphatically by its acts, that the insolent aggressor is safe from the resentment of England, provided he wounds her honor merely, or her reputation for good faith, and confines the injury which he inflicts on her national interests within reasonable limits and to a distant shore — it cannot but be clear to Americans, thirsting as they are to render their name glorious amongst the classic regions of the East, that it is not impossible for their country to become

the arbitress of Europe, and to perform the part which Canning vainly ascribed to their southern neighbors of redressing the displaced balance of power.

Should a passion for this high enterprise seize upon the American people, England will have cause to rue the nervous timidity of rulers who, by shrinking from an imaginary danger, have called into perilous activity the only power which she has reason to dread, because the only one that can ever venture to encounter her upon the element whereon alone she is assailable.

From the Spectator, 3d Sept.

AUSTRIA AND AMERICA.

THE general tendency of the relations between Great Britain and the United States is towards a better understanding; not an alliance offensive and defensive, according to the old interpretation of that phrase, but a natural approximation of all parties who are engaged in disclosing the solid grounds upon which their approach or joint action is reciprocally beneficial. To neither country, for instance, can it be advantageous that there should be outstanding, unsettled, and questionable claims; that there should be frequent disputes on the indefinite water-boundary of a fishery; or that they should continue to exclude each other's produce, to the loss of both. The commission which has been appointed under the convention for the settlement of claims, followed by the endeavor to arrange a treaty on the subject of the fisheries and other questions between the States and our Colonies, are examples of this joint endeavor. In all these cases, it may be said that the concession which is asked by one party would not be more beneficial to that party than to the other. This endeavor to promote a clear understanding upon the basis of solid facts and material things, is a striking contrast with the state of the relations between the United States and Austria; powers which, for almost abstract questions of the vaguest possible kind, are getting up a quarrel upon a point of honor, and risking an inextricable entanglement.

There are scarcely two powers in the world that would on most grounds stand more apart than Austria and the United States. America is commercial, Austria is not so; America is democratic, Austria absolute; America is maritime, Austria for the most part inland and maritime only by ambition; other states stand between them, and their points of contact are few. Both might exist in the world and scarcely interfere with each other. It would perhaps be best for both, at present, if each were courteously to ignore the existence of the other. A serious question might be

discussed, as to the good taste, propriety, or policy of the noisy demonstrations in America, official as well as popular, on behalf of an Hungarian leader who had endeavored to subvert the royal house of Austria; but the government of America is as little open to personal correction as that of Austria. The Kossta affair, no doubt, more nearly concerned Austria; and, *primâ facie*, it may be admitted that Austria had a right to demand that a refugee deported from Turkish dominions should not return. But the Kossta question does not stand in any clear and isolated position; and the proceedings which Austria has taken to secure what she believes to be her right are questionable not only in law, nor only in reason, but still more in policy.

Austria claims the right to enforce the deportation of Kossta under stipulations with Turkey, and it is said that the Turkish authority had given the commander of the Austrian vessel leave to capture the Hungarian refugee; but in the eyes of Captain Ingraham, of the corvette *St. Louis*, Kossta was a man bearing an United States passport, and possibly also bearing the character of an American citizen by naturalization. In those respects, the Turkish surrender did not concern Captain Ingraham; and when the Austrian officer seized the refugee by force, Captain Ingraham recovered him by threat of force. The conduct of both officers is open to serious question; but there are other questions of which the solution is by no means to be presumed by either side. For example, is Kossta an American citizen, or is he not? If he is a naturalized American, does his naturalization give him protection beyond the boundaries of the Union, especially as against the sovereign in whose dominions he was born? Does the Turkish stipulation with Austria, stated to permit forcible seizure in Smyrna, preclude the subject of another foreign power from resisting violence upon a colorable denizen of that other power?

Where important and unsettled questions arise, it is desirable to approach them with the utmost regularity of procedure. Austria, however, appears to us to have taken a course very unusual, and very inconvenient. The government at Vienna has issued a circular note, stating the case generally, and making a complaint to the nations, that the captain of the United States has made war: an infraction, it is contended, of public law, aggravated by its having been committed in the port of a neutral power. The retort is obvious — that the Austrian captain had equally infringed the sacredness of a neutral port; but if that be overruled by the special stipulation, there is still a more serious flaw in the proceedings of the Austrian government. What representation has been made to the United States? What reply has been received!

The conduct of Captain Ingraham is a very proper subject for accusal and explanation; but until it was explicitly adopted by his own government in a categorical reply to the statement on the part of the Austrian government, America is not really brought into court, and thus the foreign powers are called upon by Austria to form conclusions upon an ex-parte case.

The relations in which the two powers stand greatly aggravate the inconvenience of this course. On more than one occasion the American government has shown no indisposition to undertake a quarrel with Austria, and Austria shows no disposition to shrink; but it is desirable for the peace of Europe that neither nation should be driven to extremities. The collective opinion of Europe would be the best check; but the form in which Austria makes the present appeal not only fails to facilitate the intervention of other states, but almost precludes them by its illogical reasoning and irregular appeal. Without a well-ascertained locus standi in court, Austria has almost cut herself off from a regular appeal to law upon the subject; and, should actual extremities ensue, it is very difficult to see how any of the powers could interfere on behalf of one which has rendered its case technically so difficult to approach. It is not very probable that the American government, as such, will take any proceedings against the Austrian empire, but there is sufficient irregular enterprise in the United States to make political or pecuniary capital out of the Austrian empire; if that power should place itself even for a brief space beyond the pale of the public law, its house is not so solid that it can afford to risk even improbable hazards. Other powers, which must feel a very imperfect sympathy with the Austrian dynasty or policy, would yet do their best to sustain the peace of Europe, if an appeal were made to them in some form less seriously inconvenient than the present.

From the Economist, 3 Sept.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

For six months the quarrel between Russia and Turkey has been harassing the statesmen and perplexing the merchants of Europe; and, in spite of repeated announcements that all was satisfactorily arranged, a final settlement of the affair seems still distant and uncertain. One thing only seems clear, as the issue of the whole transaction — that Russian violence has been too clever for the diplomacy of Western Europe. The Czar has been prompt, astute, and unscrupulous: we have been slow, cautious, and pacific; — and though we may have forced him to retire from a position which he should never have reached, still we have been outmanœuvred. He has lost his character, but he has

gained his end. For his end was not, in all probability, permanently to occupy the Principalities, nor to obtain the protectorate of the Christian subjects of the Porte, but to strike a fresh blow at the prestige and to add a new wound to the weakness of Turkey. His end was not to march straight and at once to Constantinople, but only to pave a few more leagues of the road which is one day to lead him thither.

Even if the Porte accepts the suggestions of the Four Powers, and if Russia evacuates the Principalities, *still the mischief has been done*. The Czar has been virtually successful, and we have been virtually baffled. We do not say this by way of blame either to our own government or to that of France. It could scarcely have turned out otherwise. In the present state of civilization, the struggle must always be an unequal one between recklessness and caution — between love of peace and indifference to war — between unscrupulous aggression on the one hand and calculating prudence on the other. It was worth while for Russia to seize much, for the sake of being permitted to retain a little. It was worth while for Turkey to submit to a certain injury for the sake of avoiding the incalculable cost and the uncertain issue of a war. It was worth while for Europe to meditate between the robber and his victim, on the principle not of justice and of punishment, but of expediency and of bargain, in order to escape a conflagration which might have involved whole nations and burnt up many dynasties. Russia knew all this well, and calculated on it shrewdly. She probably never contemplated a war; but she knew that her opponents would connive at some portion of her unjust aggressions in order to avert one; and that, however much she was compelled to recede, it could scarcely be to the whole extent of her advance. Aggression is a safe game to play, either with weak, with timid, with cautious, with scrupulous, with calculating, or with peace-loving antagonists.

We will suppose that the dispute is now settled on the terms proposed, and that Russia evacuates the Danubian Provinces and returns to her old profession of magnanimity and moderation. She will still have made great progress towards her ultimate object. In the first place, she has given a great stimulus to the internal political movements of the Greek and Slavonian Provinces of Turkey. She has shown them on how frail a tenure the Porte now holds her sovereignty in Europe, how shaken is the sceptre of their former masters, how much nearer than they dreamed may be their day of emancipation and supremacy. In the second place, she has roughly disturbed the organization of the Hospodarships, diverted their revenue, confused their administration, familiarized their inhabitants with Russian domination, and taken care (we may presume) not to disgust them with Russian behavior.

She will have left behind her many indelible traces of her occupation, will retain many clues of intrigue, will have established communications through which she can at any time foment disturbances which will give her an excuse for future interference, or excite conspiracies which may keep the Porte in perpetual hot water. Thirdly, she has compelled Turkey to lay the foundation of future embarrassment and weakness by the vast expense in which her preparations for hostilities have involved her. The most distant provinces of the empire have been summoned to send in their contingents; Egypt has sent her regiments of regulars, Syria and Anatolia their cavalry; the militia has been armed; the reserve called out; munitions of war provided at a ruinous cost; the navy placed in readiness for active service; and altogether an outlay has been incurred—and uselessly incurred—which the revenue of Turkey will be years before it can recover, and which will most fatally impair her power of resisting any future encroachments or demands. Lastly, Russia has given “a heavy blow and a great discouragement” to Ottoman loyalty and zeal. The fanaticism of the Turks has been summoned forth from its recesses—only to be told that it is not needed and may go to sleep again. The warlike enthusiasm of the remotest tribes has been aroused and called upon as if for immediate action—only to learn that this alarm, like all previous ones, has ended in tame and, as they will deem, ignominious submission. The steam has been got up with every sign of urgency and vigor—only to be blown off again, to the infinite disgust and disheartening of the Faithful. The fatal *habit of yielding* has had one other link added to its chain. Russia has done all this, and has contrived to do it through the medium of the friends of Turkey.

This is what Russia will have gained by her unjustifiable violence, on the supposition least favorable to her—viz., that the Porte accepts the proposal of the powers, and that the Czar immediately evacuates the Principalities. But supposing—what seems very probable, and what we may be sure Russia is endeavoring by every secret intrigue to bring about—that Turkey demurs to suggestions which may amount to at all events some unpopular concession to unprincipled aggression; supposing that she delays her acceptance so as to give Russia an excuse for remaining in the Principalities till it be too late in the season for an army to move, or a fleet to manoeuvre in the Euxine—so that Gortschakoff shall winter at Jassy and at Bucharest—then Russia may end in passing a whole year in the territory of her foe, living at his cost, preying on his vitals, seducing his subjects from their allegiance,—in a word, doing all that subterranean and insidious work which no one knows how to do so well. Or if the Porte should finally decline

to accede to the proposal of the Four Powers—which, as it is sure to be founded less on strict justice than on concession and on compromise, she may well do—in what position will we and she find ourselves then? Can we join Russia in compelling her to submission? Can we make ourselves parties to an unjust aggression? Can we join in coercing her to take advice which we gave only because concession was more prudent than resistance? Or can we sit tamely by and allow Russia to enforce her demands upon our miserable ally, unjust and fatal as we believe them to be, because that ally has rejected our arbitration? Or, finally, can we aid Turkey in doing that which by our arbitration we have counselled her not to do? In any case, we shall be in a position of singular and painful perplexity:—in any case, it is evident that Russia, and not France, England, nor Turkey, will have cause for jubilation.

Or again:—suppose that Turkish enthusiasm—aroused as it has been by the Sultan's government, stimulated as we know it is by the ultra-Mahometan party in the empire, fomented as we have reason to believe it will be by the secret machinations of Russia—should prove too strong for diplomatic policy and prudence, and should insist on resolute resistance and immediate war. Suppose, too, that Persia and Circassia, which are both ready for hostilities, should proceed actively to aid Ottoman fanaticism. Suppose that, by the indiscreet zeal of subordinates on either side, the first blow should be struck, and blood begin to flow,—who would be able to withhold all the inflammable materials now collected around Turkey from feeding the general conflagration? What could prevent the formation and employment of a regiment of Hungarian refugees? If so, would Austria, or could she, be faithful to the Western Powers? An Hungarian insurrection *must* follow—perhaps an Italian one; and the part which France and England would have to play would become complicated to a degree which it is positively bewildering to contemplate.

Probably our mistake—the mistake of France and England—was in not having, immediately the Russians crossed the Pruth, sent our fleets into the Black Sea, and declared the Dardanelles and the Euxine henceforth free to the navies of every nation. Russia would then have been glad to accept any terms in order to escape from an event which she dreads more than almost any other. Our protectorate of Turkey would then have been an effectual one; and we should always have been at hand to cover Constantinople and to watch Sebastopol. *Is it too late now to take this decisive and conclusive step?* Not, surely, if Russia delays a single day, on any pretext, to evacuate the Principalities.